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PREPARING FOR THE BOMBERS

A technician considers the problem of the air raids in light of the experiences of London and Moscow. What every air raid warden should know. The catalogue of bombs.

THE war finds us as a nation inexperienced in the arts of air raid precautions, or ARP as it is known abroad. There is, however, no need for the experiences of Europe to be repeated here if we but draw the proper conclusions from Europe's tragic "wealth" of data. And this we must do, at once, and with a minimum of bungling.

It is known that our government has sent several commissions to England to study fire-fighting, anti-aircraft, and shelter techniques. Some of these commissions have returned, and it is to be assumed that exhaustive reports have been made to the administration. These reports have not yet been published. But we do not need to await these reports to think of the broad outlines of an effective ARP program; indeed, we *cannot* wait. For, as English and Russian experience amply proves, an informed and cooperative citizenry is absolutely essential to the success of any ARP program. Defense of the civilian population against aerial attack is not simply a military maneuver, involving the orderly movement of disciplined masses. It is rather a very complex operation, involving the close integration of military and civil authorities with the public at large. Thus it is essential that the public have a general idea of what constitutes an ARP program.

THE FIRST QUESTION in any civilian's mind—especially that of a San Franciscan or New Yorker who has already been jolted out of bed by the "alert"—is inevitably: *Will* there be any air raids at all? On this, to quote Mayor LaGuardia, we cannot afford to speculate. There can be no doubt that this war will be long and bitter: we have the word of President Roosevelt and every military and naval authority in the nation for that. And, after Pearl Harbor, there can be little doubt that Axis strategy calls for aerial attacks on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. We must assume that there *will* be air raids.

The next question is: What is an air raid like? But this can best be answered by knowing what a bomb is and how it works. There are three main types of bombs—explosive, incendiary, and gas. (Authorities seem agreed that a fourth type—bacterial—is much more useful to the Nazis as an instrument of terroristic propaganda than as a weapon of actual attack. At any rate, its effective use involves so many technical difficulties as to make a

discussion of it here unnecessary.) As Willy Ley has pointed out in his book *Bombs and Bombing*, the bomb is therefore just a modern version of man's oldest weapons—physical force, fire, and poison.

The high explosive bomb—HE as it is familiarly known—is the modern version of the mailed fist. It ranges in length from two to fifteen feet, and in weight from about twenty-five to 4,000 pounds. Its destructive power, especially in its larger sizes, is enormous; but, despite all the talk about "secret weapons" and "super-explosives" it seems certain that all modern bombs are filled with TNT. Contrary to popular supposition TNT is very hard to explode. Hence all HE bombs must carry fuses or detonators—one in each end. These detonators are of three sorts—contact, delayed action, and time fuse. The contact bomb explodes at once; the delayed action bomb explodes from two to ten seconds later, and often has an armored snout to enable it to penetrate to the heart of its target before exploding; the time fuse may be set for as much as a five-day interval.

Although the action of all HE bombs is similar, the smaller sizes are specialized for use against people, the larger ones for use against buildings. In the first case, they are known as *fragmentation* bombs: here the explosion scatters the bomb's heavy wall or casing in the form of splinters driven at high velocities. The larger bombs are known as *demolition* bombs: here the thickness of the bomb's casing is proportionately much less and destruction comes mainly from the blast itself. In between lie the middle sized bombs which are euphemistically known as *general purpose* bombs.

When an HE bomb explodes, two things take place in rapid succession and with fantastic force. First there is a blast of compressed air outward at tremendous velocities; this is followed, a second later, by a rush of air back into the vacuum thus created which is only slightly less destructive. Thus anything within the blast range of an HE is literally shaken, as a dog shakes a snake. This double action also explains why an explosion in a city street will often pull the buildings back into the crater. In addition to blast, the force of the explosion sets up a wave motion in the earth which resembles a severe earthquake; and this can pull down many buildings which escaped the blast.

This is, of course, only a general description of blast. Each explosion varies with its location, since obstacles serve to channelize the blast along the lines of least resistance. The area of damage naturally depends upon the size of bomb.

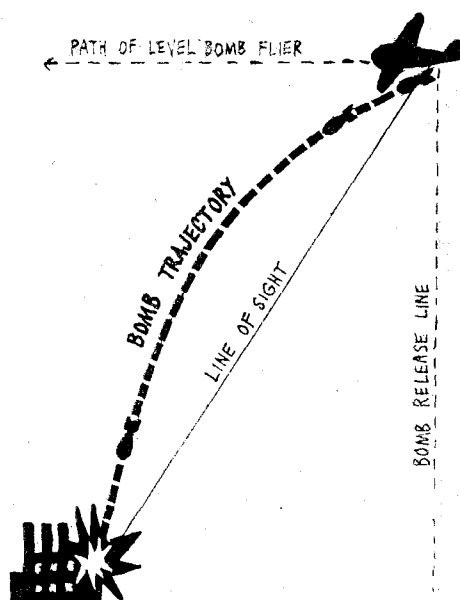
Unlike the HE, the incendiary bomb does not explode, it burns. It is not particularly specialized and, in its commonest form, is a thin-walled cylinder about fourteen inches long, weighing about two lbs. It is seldom designed for penetration but rather to ignite any surface upon which it alights. The casing of the incendiary is itself highly combustible, being made of an alloy which is more than eighty-five percent magnesium. When "exploded" by its fuse, the thermite filling burns at an intense heat (about 3,000 F) for about a minute—long enough to ignite the casing which in turn can burn for ten minutes or more. The incendiary can generate sufficient heat to burn its way through most surfaces. Since it generates its own oxygen it has to be *contained* rather than simply extinguished. This can be done with sand, with asbestos "snuffers," or with water.

In general design, an aerial gas bomb is likely to consist of a thin, medium-sized casing filled with poison gas in fluid form, a detonator, and a bursting charge sufficient to explode the casing and scatter the gas. The gas would be one of two types: a suffocant like phosgene, which smothers the victim in his own body fluids; or a vesicant like mustard gas, which burns his body surfaces. Gas masks are effective only against the former.

Terrible as it is, poison gas does not constitute an important danger from the air at the present time. Indeed, there appears to be no documented account of gas bombs ever having been dropped from the air. In the last war, gas shells were shot like projectiles from artillery. Although the Axis has apparently not used poison gas to date—either from the air or artillery—there is reason to suspect they will before the war is over. Despite their plans, however, experience shows that poison gas is a measure of desperation, with very limited effectiveness and almost impossible to use in any but very restricted areas. Willy Ley says flatly "It is impossible to gas a whole city," and cites World War I figures to show that it took *eight tons* of mustard gas to account for *one* dead enemy!

Without for a moment underestimating the danger, it is worth remembering that poison gas, because of its vague and horrific nature, is most susceptible to unscrupulous or uninformed exaggeration. This was tragically proved in England, where the criminal cynicism of Chamberlain had everyone scared stiff behind gas masks, while refusing to undertake a widespread and realistic program against HE and incendiary bombs.

Finally—although it may be of only academic interest to the civilian *which* direction a bomb comes from—it is worth pointing out that bombs rarely if ever fall vertically. The path or trajectory of a falling bomb from a moving plane is a parabola. Thus a bomb dropped from a plane moving 375 miles per hour at an altitude of 25,000 feet would travel almost four miles horizontally before striking its target.



In level-flight bombing the bombs do not fall vertically but follow a trajectory as shown above. The bomber must estimate this.

IN ITS SIMPLEST TERMS, there are three ways in which a city can protect itself against air raids. It can *deflect* them, it can *dodge* them, or it can *resist* them. It might be said that, under certain circumstances, you can also *deceive* them. The gentle art of camouflage falls under this heading and constitutes a fascinating subject all by itself. However—Nazi stories to the effect that Berlin has been hidden under a phony “forest” notwithstanding—it is not possible to deceive airmen about so large and fixed an object as a city. The tactic of deceit applies principally to isolated objects such as power plants, munitions factories, etc. Here there are wide and fascinating possibilities. You can either make the factory “look like what it ain’t” by covering the roof with grass turf and sticking a few plaster cows around, or you can make it “look like it is where it ain’t” by scattering several dummy factories of light wood and canvas around in the vicinity of the real one.

Moscow has relied upon deflection with brilliant success. By means of concentric rings of anti-aircraft (AA) fire and fighter planes, they have built a “roof” over the city which “sheds” the enemy’s bombs—i.e., forces him to dump his bombs in the open fields outside the city. Chungking employs the technique of dodging. When the alert is sounded, the entire population moves out of the city to shelters in the nearby hills. London and other British cities rely principally upon the third method of resisting; the entire population retreats to bomb-proof or bomb-resistant shelters which are constantly increasing in numbers.

This is, of course, an oversimplification. Actually all three methods must be simultaneously employed; the variation is therefore one of emphasis. Thus Moscow, although relying primarily upon its anti-aircraft “roof,” has also evacuated its children, mothers, sick and aged, and provided a system of shelters for the population which remains. In addition to its shelter system, London has moved

tens of thousands of its children, sick, and aged to the country. It has also built up its concentric rings of balloon barrages, AA batteries, and RAF fighter fleets. Only Chungking—forced to struggle along with totally inadequate AA guns and fighter planes—still must rely upon a single method—that of evacuation for each raid.

But all cities, whatever the pattern of their defense, must provide many additional services before their ARP can be considered adequate. To mention only the most important: blackout, fire fighting, first-aid and rescue work, raid warning and policing. And this is where the civilian enters the picture. These are the points at which the efforts of the military, the national and local governments, and John Q. Citizen must meet and integrate.

The purpose of the blackout is, of course, apparent to everyone. It is a preventive measure, aimed at confusing the enemy pilot.

Fire fighting assumes enormous importance, because HEs as well as incendiaries can start fires; and some of both are bound to penetrate even the tightest AA defense. Entirely aside from loss of lives and property, such fires also serve as beacons to subsequent attackers. Thus, under the conditions of an air raid, fire fighting becomes something far different from its peacetime namesake. There are many more fires than usual, they occur simultaneously at widely scattered spots, and under conditions where both water mains and equipment may be destroyed by bombs. Hence the organization must be more decentralized than in peacetime, in both personnel and equipment; it goes without saying that it must be much larger. Since incendiaries are relatively simple to extinguish if caught in the first few moments with adequate equipment, a new place for the amateur appears: the fire watchers—those brave men and

women who stand by the thousands on the darkened roofs of London and Moscow, snuffing out the fires before they start. On the ground, the enlarged fire departments combat blazes which have gotten beyond the control of individual watchers.

Much the same problem appears in first-aid and rescue work. The hospital facilities of most cities are scarcely adequate for the routine and predictable loads of peacetime. They are both inadequate and unsuitable for the specialized casualty loads of the air raid. As a matter of fact, this demands an organization for which the Red Cross offers the only American precedent.

Effective raid warning and policing during blackouts are essential—not only because of sabotage, pilfering, etc.; but even more because of the danger to the civilian population itself. Whether to avoid enemy bombs, flying bricks, or his own AA shrapnel, the pedestrian must be cleared from the streets. (Reports from such American observers as Harry Hopkins indicate that in Moscow the greatest danger during a raid is that of being hit by Russian AA shrapnel.)

THIS BRINGS US to the subject of most lively interest to the individual: shelters. In discussing this highly important aspect of ARP, it must be pointed out at the beginning that the population of a city under air attack is caught in a whole *spectrum of danger*. This begins at the bottom, so to speak, with those who are only bothered by noise, smoke, and fear; runs through progressive degrees of falling AA shrapnel, flying glass, and falling cornices, to collapsing buildings and debris driven through the air at terrific velocities; to end at the top with blast from nearby explosions or (finis) a direct hit. This means that buildings offer a whole spectrum of safety. Against falling shrapnel or flying glass, the ordinary house offers adequate protection; against nearby hits from medium-sized bombs the middle floors of a skyscraper, concrete basements, or deeper subways are adequate; while against a direct hit by the heaviest delayed-action HE, it is estimated that up to seventy feet of loose dirt or ten feet of solid reinforced concrete are essential.

In practice, these terrifying statistics are considerably modified by the laws of chance and the high cost of explosives. In the average bombed city perhaps as much as ninety-five percent of the population will be exposed to no more than the mild danger of falling splinters or glass. (Even in Coventry, it was a relatively small proportion of the total town which was leveled.) Also large HEs are very expensive and hard to handle; they are commonly reserved for precision bombing of objectives of first rate military importance. The general-purpose bombs are used for indiscriminate bombing and these are much less destructive.

Nevertheless, the task of providing maximum-safety shelter for the entire population

of a medium sized city is a colossal job. In time and cost, it would prove comparable to subway or tunnel construction; it would consume large quantities of labor and materials. It is true that these are precisely the arguments which were used against the Haldane "deep shelter" system in London, where the controversy at one time reached the level of a first-rate political issue. But in that instance the opponents of the Haldane proposal offered no realistic alternative—indeed, they offered no alternative at all. All sorts of small and/or private shelters were thrown up all over London. Most of them proved ineffective against even lesser dangers, much less against a direct hit. And all of them proved so uncomfortable—cold, damp, ill-ventilated—that the owners preferred to go back to sleeping under the dining room table. (Which has, by the way, proved to be a fairly safe spot.)

By and large, the shelter problem in London is no longer seen as an isolated problem. Large and small shelters are built in both existing and new buildings; the subway systems are used as shelters; and in thousands of homes and apartment houses, individual shelters are contrived. All of which may sound pretty inconclusive—as indeed it is. To protect *all* the people, *all* the time, against *all* possible danger would imply burying the entire city under ten or twenty feet of concrete. Nonetheless; the air-raid shelter *must* be considered, decision made, and acted upon. One must take into full consideration Mayor La Guardia's warning that 300-mile zones on both coasts are danger areas. To cover them all by adequate AA batteries is certainly a tremendous production job. Therefore air-raid shelters must be considered.

All in all, it seems to this observer (as it did to the commission of AA experts who visited Moscow this fall) that the Russians have the best idea. Throw up such a solid roof of AA fire and fighter planes that enemy bombers can't get through, and you automatically cut the shelter problem "down to size."

This, then, is the briefest possible description of the air raid menace and the techniques which Europe has found effective in combating it. The first thing we can learn from it is that *nothing less than a complete and comprehensive program of all-out defense will be satisfactory*. All the above factors are essential to such a program—none should be neglected, none over-emphasized. Above all, we must not repeat the tragic fumbling of Europe—the hullabaloo about gas when in fact the main danger was HE; the endless controversy about what sort of shelters to build while none at all was being built in fact; the incredible underestimation of the importance of anti-aircraft batteries; the selfish interests which obstructed or profited on shelter and evacuation programs; the court decisions which ruled that bombing did not release the tenant from his responsibilities to the landlord; the dillydallying of parsimonious local governments over the "expense" of ARP; the failure of the national govern-

For the Duration

San Francisco.

TIME clocks that controlled neon lights on billboards are dead for the duration. Cars are being fitted with blue globes. People are ordering bags of sand. They are buying blue flashlights and fire extinguishers. They are keeping bathtubs filled with water. They are signing up by the thousands for Civilian Defense. Every firehouse or other station has temporarily run out of registration blanks. Today we are mapping our protection, and we're ready to pitch in and do the work.

San Francisco, like Paris, is a compact city. It is one of the world's most important harbors. It is a natural point of attack for the enemy. And yet there is no sign of panic. As a longshoreman said during the 1936 strike, we don't scare easy. Except for an occasional hysterical person, the people are calm.

When our outposts in the Pacific were attacked, we realized how greatly Hawaii and the Far East are tied up with our lives here in San Francisco. Much of our industry is keyed in harmony with ships that sail the Pacific. We have all watched the great vessels leave the docks. We have looked up to see the Clipper shining over our hills. The waterfront is the pulse of our city. We know workers in the maritime unions who are now at sea. Revels Cayton, union leader, is out there somewhere. And Luchell. And Jim Kiernan. . . .

Throughout the streets of San Francisco all the many nationalities of our city gather to discuss the news. Everywhere it is the same. "Hitler is behind this. The Axis must be defeated." I walked along Fillmore Street one afternoon. It is a workers' street, a poor man's boulevard. People were talking louder than usual; it was easy to catch floating comments. "We've got a job to do." Part of Fillmore runs alongside the Japanese quarter. I heard from a passerby: "The Japanese people are not to blame for this."

On the Monday after the attacks we were a casual, easy-going populace on the whole. War had moved to within 2,000 miles of us, but surely nothing could happen to the blessed. Yet not everyone was complacent. Young Molly Cjesnuss, representing the Parent-Teachers Association, went before the Board of Supervisors on Monday afternoon and urged in the most eloquent terms air raid protection in this city. But the Fathers could not be aroused. When Archie Brown, longshoreman and fighter for loyalist Spain, ran for Supervisor recently, he hammered again and again on the subject of civilian defense.

Then came our first air raid alarm. All coast radio stations went off the air. The city gradually darkened (in spots), and searchlight rays crossed and recrossed on the sky. Cars moved without headlights. But, looking out from our back porch, we could see neon lights burning, hundreds of windows aglow, and on a hilltop a huge billboard issuing a shining invitation to the enemy. The bridges were darkened, but downtown windows streamed golden, and, as some announcer said later: "Alcatraz blazed like a jewel on the bay." An insurance company's sign winked on and off to read slantwise at intervals: S-A-F-E. As a blackout it was none too successful.

When military authorities insisted that the blackout was not a test but the real thing, people began to get really excited. In the afternoon Lieut-Gen. John L. de Witt, commander of the Fourth Army, told Mayor Rossi, the Board of Supervisors, and 100 or so civic and defense leaders that civil authorities alone were responsible for blackouts. He said: "I have come here because we want action and we want it now. Those planes were over our community. They were enemy planes—Japanese planes. If I can't knock these facts into your heads with words, I will have to turn you over to the police. . . ."

San Francisco is awake now. An old lady said, as she carried a bucket of water to an upper floor: "I've been through fire and flood and earthquake. We can take care of ourselves here. Those Japanese are not going to scare me."

Spanish war vets are giving advice on unexploded bombs. Enlistment bureaus are overflowing. AFL, CIO, and Railway Brotherhoods are coming together on a Unity for Victory program here.

As the soldiers and sailors are saying: "Give the Axis the axe!"

ETHEL TURNER.

ments to formulate and finance comprehensive plans for the bombed-out or evacuated poor.

These things we must guard against. Civilian defense is an *integral* part of total war; we must recognize that it shares with the military arm that most important characteristic of modern war—it is frightfully expen-

sive. Like war, you can't "economize" on it.

Civilian defense must also be democratically organized to achieve its maximum effectiveness. On this front, the enthusiasm and the ingenuity of the American people will prove as inexhaustible as on the battlefield.

MILTON D. ELLIS.

THE LANDS THE MIKADO COVETS

Frederick V. Field describes the wealth of the East Indies, the Philippines, and the South Pacific mainland. The strategic war materials the Axis warlords seek.

FOLLOWING the sudden attack on the island of Oahu in Hawaii, and the threat to the entire West Coast of the mainland, Japanese strategy took the expected turn. Air, sea, and land forces were concentrated on the key defenses of the southwestern Pacific, otherwise known as Southeastern Asia. The American stronghold centered in Manila and the British fortress at Singapore were subjected to the heaviest pressure Hitler's Far Eastern ally could exert. Japan quickly revealed that the first step in the Axis plan for this phase of the world war was to knock the United States, Great Britain, and their allies out of the great raw material base of Southeastern Asia. If Japan and the Axis could take possession of these resources, and the democracies be deprived of them, the former would win a victory in war economy comparable to and perhaps greater than a German occupation of the Caucasian oil fields.

The area in which the Battle of the Pacific has now become concentrated has traditionally been one of the greatest prizes of empire. Not only do strategic points within it control the shipping routes to and from the Orient, but the region as a whole possesses resources of fabulous wealth. From the spice trade of earlier days to the strategic industrial and war materials of today, Southeastern Asia has been one of the crucial sources of economic and consequently of political power.

Southeastern Asia includes Burma, the Malay states (both federated and unfederated), and on the island of Borneo, Sarawak, Brunei, and British North Borneo—all of which are British Crown Colonies. It includes the Netherlands East Indies, a Dutch possession, of which the main islands are Sumatra, Java, Madura, Bali, Borneo (the part of the island not under the British), the western half of New Guinea, and the Celebes Islands. The American possession, the Philippine Commonwealth, comprises over 7,000 islands, of which Luzon, the northernmost on which Manila is situated, is the largest, and Mindano, the southernmost, where the Japanese had established their largest settlements before the war, is the second largest. Two countries of Southeastern Asia, the French colony of Indo-China, and the independent kingdom of Thailand (Siam), have already fallen to the Japanese. A third Japanese possession, its colony Formosa (Taiwan), lies just north of the area under discussion though its economy is often linked with it.

No fewer than 145,000,000 people, or, if Formosa be included, over 150,000,000, inhabit this area which covers approximately 4,400,000 square kilometers of the earth's

surface. Those figures represent about seven percent of the world's population and a little over three percent of its area.

TWO GROUPS of questions regarding this region must be understood to follow the present course of our war against Japan and the Axis in the Pacific. The first group, with which this article is not concerned, has to do with the military and naval problems imposed by the geography of the Malay archipelago and the thousands of islands of the southwestern Pacific in their relation to the home bases of the warring powers and their war commitments in other parts of the world. The second group of questions involves the relation of this area to the war economy of each side and forms the subject of this article. The longer the war lasts, the more important to the final outcome will become the capacity of each side to sustain its armed forces in the field. When present stocks and reserves have been consumed or destroyed the advantage will belong to the one which can continue an uninterrupted flow of strategic war materials to its war industry.

Can Japan solve her major economic weakness, the lack of industrial raw materials, by occupying the Philippines, Malaya, and Netherlands India? Would these areas in her possession substantially or even partially relieve her? And, conversely, would the loss of these areas seriously cripple the United States, Great Britain, and their allies?

In times of war, even more than in times of peace, the answers to such general questions cannot be black and white. But by reviewing the economics of this region and its relation to the Axis, on the one hand, and to the United States and Great Britain, on the other, we can narrow down the uncertainties.

The economic importance of Southeastern Asia as a whole can be seen from the salient facts that it produces ninety percent of the world's rubber, sixty to sixty-five percent of the world's tin, and 100 percent of its quinine—three materials ranking high on the strategic list. While rubber and tin are Southeastern Asia's dominant contribution to world industry, its production of petroleum, a little over three percent of the world's, has special significance because it is the only substantial oil-producing center of the Orient and because its output is considerably greater than the total Japanese requirement.

The area is also of world importance in the production of tungsten, a metal which along with molybdenum is extensively used to strengthen steel. Burma, Malaya, Indo-China, and Thailand, in that order of importance,

produced twenty-one percent of the world's tungsten in 1937 and the potentialities of increasing output are reported as most promising.

In other minerals and metals the area is less conspicuous, but in certain of them it is by no means insignificant in relation to Japanese demand, and under emergency conditions might be brought into considerably larger production. As a supplier for the steel industry Malaya, the Philippines, Indo-China, and Burma have in recent years produced two to three percent of the world's iron ore. While this is a small figure, particularly when compared with the immense resources available to the Americans and British, two factors regarding it should be borne in mind. The first is that until the embargoes were finally clamped down on Japan by the United States and Great Britain, all of the iron ore produced in this region went to Japan. The resources were, as a matter of fact, developed exclusively by the Japanese or under the stimulus of their demand for all that could be extracted. And small as were the pre-war figures, the iron ore produced in Malaya accounted for no less than forty-five percent of Japan's total iron ore imports and that of the Philippines for another fifteen percent.

The second factor to be noted regarding Southeastern Asia's iron ore is the recentness in which it has been brought under exploitation, and the rapidity with which output has increased. Production in Indo-China went from zero in 1934 to 130,000 tons in 1938, in the Philippines from zero in 1933 to 1,226,000 tons a few years later, and in Malaya it doubled in the 1929-38 decade.

Data on other industrial raw materials may be dismissed with the following brief notations. Burma and Indo-China produce considerable quantities of lead, about four to five percent of the world total; copper is found in Burma and the Philippines, and, on a very small scale, in the Netherlands Indies, but the aggregate is less than half of one percent of the world total; Philippine production of chromite, used for stainless steel, reached six percent of the world total in 1938; scattered throughout the area about one percent of the world's manganese, used in the steel process, is produced; small bauxite deposits, from which aluminum is manufactured, are found in Malaya and the Dutch possessions; and a little more than three percent of the world's gold and silver comes from Southeastern Asia, with the Philippines dominating in the production of gold.

Agricultural resources are less crucial in the strategy of the Pacific war's economy be-

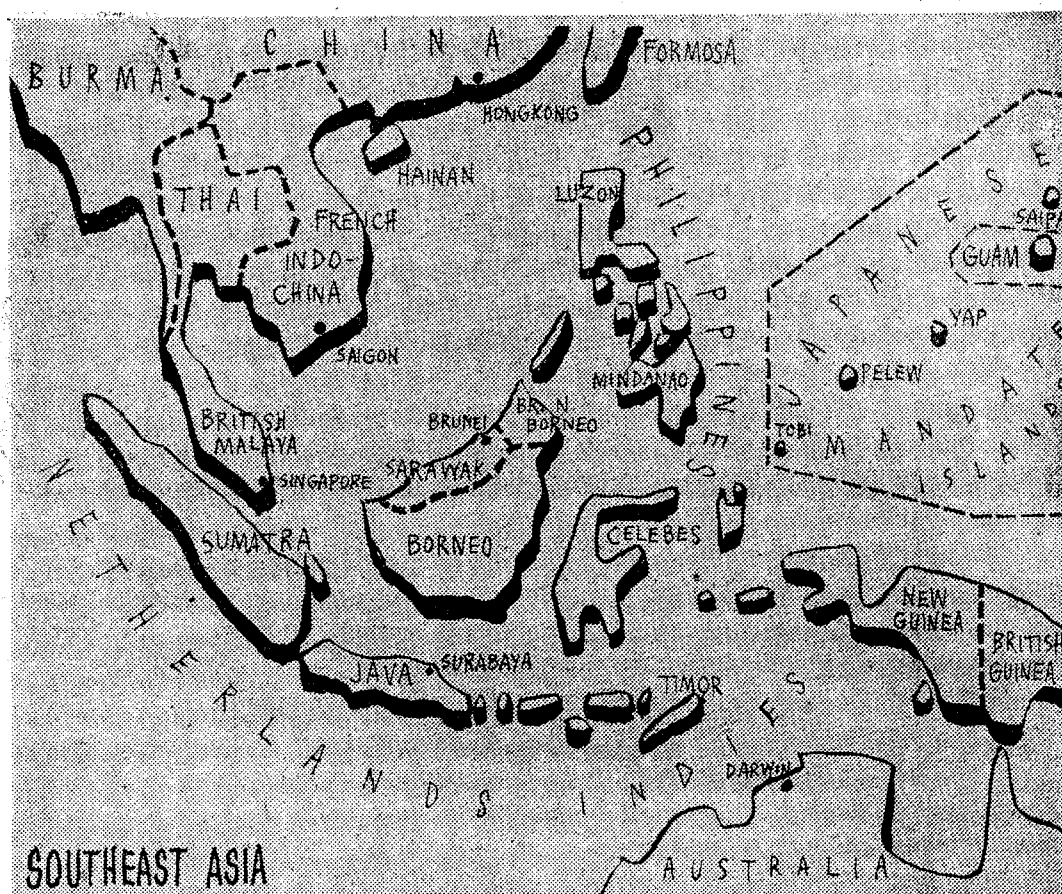
cause the Japanese, as well as the democratic allies, have no food problem which is likely to become acute. Nevertheless, the richness of the southwestern Pacific lies as much in its agriculture as in its metal and mineral resources, and of the former both vegetable oils and fibres, while not irreplaceable, have important positions in industry. Here it need be noted only that this is the great rice growing section of the world, accounting for thirty percent of production and eighty percent of exports.

The comparative dependence of the principal belligerents on supplies from Southeastern Asia is indicated by the fact that twenty-one percent of all United States imports in 1940 came from this region; twenty-four percent of Japan's in 1939 if Formosa be included; in 1938 nearly three percent of Great Britain's; and in 1937 4.5 percent of Germany's. While the American figure for 1940 is an inflated one due to our program of stocking up on vital raw materials in anticipation of precisely what has happened, the proportion of sixteen percent for 1937 shows our heavy dependence on Southeastern Asia even in more normal periods.

THE AMERICAN DEPENDENCE on Southeastern Asia can be illustrated more vividly by noting a few more facts about our rubber and tin imports. Normally the United States buys about ninety-five percent of its rubber from this area, at an average cost of around \$151,000,000 annually. Of a total world production of 1,100,000 long tons a year, all but some 25,000 tons comes from the Far East. We have recently been importing far more than our requirements for consumption, with the result, as testified a few days ago by Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce, before the Senate Military Affairs Committees, that we now have stocks of about 600,000 tons on hand and another 125,000 tons in ships crossing the Pacific. That amounts to more than a year's supply. The manufacture of synthetic rubber, buno, moreover, is being planned on a large scale, with a capacity of 70,000 tons a year estimated by the end of 1942.

Those figures, however, do not eliminate the importance of retaining the Far Eastern sources of production and keeping open and secure the shipping lines from the Netherlands Indies and Malaya to the United States. They indicate merely that we have stocks for more than a year and that we are going ahead rapidly with plans for a natural rubber substitute.

The picture with regard to tin is seen from the fact that outside of Bolivia, which produces around twelve percent of the world's supply, the great sources are the Western Pacific, seventy-three percent, and Africa, a little over nine percent. Until a few months ago, when construction of a large plant was begun in Texas, the United States had no tin smelting facilities whatsoever. Against this dependence on foreign sources of ore we have in the last year or year and a half built up more than a year's supply in reserves. It was



The southwestern Pacific, whose economic treasures are the objective of the latest Axis drive. Japanese strategy, facing in this sector a coalition of the United States, Britain, the Netherlands, and China, aims at isolating each of these powers. Hence the attacks on points further East, Guam, Midway and Wake Islands, and Pearl Harbor at Hawaii, in an effort to break communications with the greatest Pacific power, the United States.

reported during the summer that we had about 100,000 tons of tin reserves in private hands and another 30,000 built up by the Metal Reserve Co. Doubtless these figures have increased in recent months. Here again, however, the resources of Malaya and the Dutch Indies remain of paramount importance.

Japan is much more vulnerable to being cut off for a long period from the resources of Southeastern Asia, and it is vulnerable in a far greater variety of industrial materials. We noted in these pages last week that Japan's primary industrial weakness lay in the lack of raw materials, materials needed more than ever to supply a large military, air, and naval machine during a protracted major war.

Japan's actual dependence on Southeastern Asia is already important to its industries, and with the cutting off of American, South American, and European sources will, as Japan's reserve stocks are exhausted, become crucial. The foregoing paragraphs have revealed that many of the raw materials for the steel industry are to be found there, if not in sufficient quantities to render Japan self-sufficient, at least in sufficient quantities to alleviate the otherwise hopelessly precarious position of Japan's heavy industries. Tin, rubber, and oil which Japan lacks, except in reserve stocks, are produced in far greater quantity in Southeastern Asia than Japan can consume.

The battle for control of the southwestern Pacific, now in its full fury, is as much for

the possession of this fabulous source of industrial wealth and of wartime economy as it is for the closely related problem of military strategy.

If we lose that battle it will not be a knock-out blow. For our own resources, our vastly superior ability to manufacture substitutes, our immense stocks of metals and rubber which can be re-utilized, and our ability to supply ourselves from other parts of the world make us vulnerable but by no means fatally vulnerable to such a defeat. We would, however, be in for a far more prolonged war against Japan than would be the case if we and our allies can successfully defend that region, and, what is more, throw the Japanese out of Thailand and Indo-China.

To Japan, victory in the battle for Southeastern Asia would immediately strengthen its staying powers for the long trans-Pacific war that would then be in order. A defeat in Southeastern Asia, however, would certainly mean a collapse of Japan's war economy and a consequent inability to keep the armed forces in action as soon as present stocks, plus the small output that can be continued on the base of domestic raw materials, had been consumed. One cannot predict when that breakdown would take place, because even reliable rough estimates on Japan's raw material stocks are not available. However, any one who counted on anything under a year, or more likely a year and a half, would be grossly over-optimistic.

FREDERICK V. FIELD.

130,000,000 SOLDIERS

By Joseph North

I've been to a war and I know that rhetoric tells no enemy. The language of cannon is brief, to-the-point, monosyllabic. Let me tell you of Police Precinct No. 15 where I heard the lingo of war forty-eight hours after bombs exploded in Pearl Harbor. Some 600 New Yorkers had come there before me that day—the day of New York's third alarm—to register as air raid wardens. Look them over, grimly signing up to fight the bomb that may soon fall among the city's 8,000,000: the doctor was here, the housewife, the truck-driver, the hackie, the merchant, the college boy; the fur collar, the leather coat, the derby, the cap, the briefcase, the canvas glove. New York—our New York.

I got that sense of awe, that sweep of humility I always experience when the folk move in concert: when they take the concept and snap it into life. Here was the national front in the flesh. Here it was, what we are talking and writing about, here, in microcosm in Police Precinct No. 15. Here, standing single-file in the dim lights, signing up. Multiply this by 1,000, by 10,000, by 100,000, and you are looking at America today.

In forty-eight states our people is assembling en masse. The enemy has struck and the people has risen in wrath. (They will learn how terrible is America's wrath.) Here is the nation of doers (we were never much as a nation of talkers). Sweat cleared the forest and knit the coastlines into one nation. The eloquence of the Virginian, George Washington, was that of Valley Forge's quiet snows: Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was finished in seven minutes.

Look them over: the youth is taking the gun, the enlistment offices are jammed. The people awaits, expects, universal conscription—the common sense, voluntary formula of a free people in a just war. So it was in 1861—so it is today.

I talked afterward to some of the air raid wardens. The hackie, in cap and overcoat: "Me, I've got a kid at home. Lucy, she's fifteen. I'd die ten times over to protect her." Laconic, unemotional. So it goes. The entire nation has a kid at home. A nation of parents, of fathers, brothers, taking arms. I looked at the women in the line: a nation of mothers, sisters, ready to step into their men's places at the belt and to man the civilian defenses.

For this is a just war, a people's war, *our* war.

The war will demand achievements of heroism: America at maximum. For the enemy is strong, desperate, wilful with evil such as the world has never experienced. We must prepare for every diabolic stratagem. Four—five—how many?—ships went down under their surprise, fanatical attack. The desperate Axis policy is reflected in the desperation of their killers. They are planning other lethal surprises for us. But America is giving its answer. Miracles of achievement *will* come to pass. Capt. Colin Kelley, Jr., is on 100,000,000 tongues. Thousands will emulate his deed. As we write, the marines are holding out on tiny Wake Island. Trade unionists there snatched guns to help their brothers in uniform. We have the answer.

I looked at the men and women in Precinct No. 15. There was that sense of fraternity, of comradeship, already manifest on the second day of the war. America has risen in its wrath. It brought to mind the men and women I had seen in another war, an augury of this one . . . Madrid: 1938. A brave nation, shut off from practically all its friends, battling the hordes, holding out miraculously one year, two years, close to three years. How could they resist so long against the powerful Reich, against Il Duce's Italy, against their own traitors? Because theirs was a *just* war. The *people* were in arms. Democracy flourished as it never did in Spain's history. The people, en masse, had decided on resistance. I looked at the people in Precinct No. 15. Why, these were folk of the same mold. Look at the women, waiting for the flashlight, the paraphernalia of the watcher against bombs. They were like the Madrilenas I saw handling the welder's torch in the Parabellum munitions works down by University City. The girls with the marcelled hair who doffed their high-heeled shoes and learned the complicated arts of arms production so their men folk could stand at the parapets of the city.

I remember the air-raid sirens of Valencia, of Barcelona. The people resolved, never hysterical, in their places. The factories working under the hail of shell. Remember Sagunto? where the men worked day and night under almost continual air raids, burrowing homes in the earth beneath the factory when their houses were levelled entirely by the bombs.

But production went on, incessantly. It was a small nation, 12,000,000, but all of it in arms. That's why they held out, and would have won had the peoples of the world realized the issue fully.

TODAY the peoples understand. What certain clear-headed men warned of year in and year out has come to pass. The war splashed out beyond the Pyrenees, engulfed the world. The sons of the people are taking the guns to defend their countries. All have "a kid at home." I saw the sons of America in Spain, more than 3,000, fighting the first battle for America in a nation across the sea. Now they stand again in the enlistment lines, ready for the front once more. Before they went secretly, obscurely, to defend their homeland. This time millions stand with them.

Today, the peoples understand. United at home, united with our allies, Great Britain, the Soviet Union, China, we cannot lose—not if we pursue the logic of our time. We cannot lose if every able-bodied man knows it is an honor beyond all else to defend his country at the front. We cannot lose if all those not at the front work at home as though they were. (And in a real sense they are, in the streamlined, air-driven war of 1941). The total unity of the nation in the factory: the men on the belt and the men in the front office, together, pushing up production of war materials. The women learning to replace the men who will go into service. The civilian defenses manned by all who are not in the trenches.

In short, the times demand a nation of 130,000,000 soldiers. *That* will win the war. The tremendous blow dealt Hitler before Moscow, Leningrad, Rostov came from a monolithic nation—the people of Britain strive for total unity. We, in America, overnight achieved a great share of it. But maximum unity does not come automatically. It must be *worked* for, *fought* for.

We dare not be over-confident. That, in wartime, is fatal. Vigilance is the watchword: the watchful eye against fifth columnists, against saboteurs, against rumor-mongers, against secret defeatists. These are not stamped out so easily, not overnight. No. The experience of Spain, of France, of the Soviet Union teaches us that. Every citizen an alert defender of his country.

WE ON NEW MASSES have pledged our Commander-in-Chief, President Roosevelt, "all our loyalty, our strength, our lives" for victory. On our staff are men who fought in Spain, who will fight again when and where their commander deems necessary. Others of us will go with them this time. Meanwhile, we study the arts of civilian defense. We know all our readers will take their places in the army of the people.

Yes, an army of 130,000,000: an army of doers. The speech of cannon is brief, to the point. The premium is on the deed.

We are a nation of doers.

JOSEPH NORTH.

SECOND WIND IN WASHINGTON

The government moves to grapple with the tremendous tasks ahead. Labor's plans to cut through the delays in production. A survey by Bruce Minton.

Washington.

THE important news from Washington is the speed with which adjustments are being made to the demands of war. In fact, the declarations against Germany and Italy were anti-climactic. If anything, the feeling here was one of relief that the record had been put in order, so to speak. Now there is no more room for the appeasers and the let's-go-easy boys to confuse our war effort by trying to draw distinctions between the battle in the Pacific and the battle elsewhere in the world.

The mood of outrage has given way to a fierce determination to smash the enemy—an outlook far more conducive to prompt and relentless action. Certain ideas are taking shape; already the comprehension grows of the magnitude of the task and the need for complete realism.

So it is time to turn off the rhetoric. It is time to take stock. And the first consideration must be production. Planes, tanks, ships, guns, munitions, machines of all kinds—these are the needs. The most important move toward attaining these essentials was made by the President when he invited leaders of industry and labor to meet in Washington on Wednesday December 17, to work out “a unanimous agreement to prevent the interruption of production by labor disputes during the period of the war.” Simultaneously, the Senate Labor Committee postponed consideration of the Smith bill and other anti-labor proposals. Here was the initial positive step toward waging a people's war: the unions are invited to participate in the problem of getting the wheels of industry whirling—labor has long been pleading for the chance.

Gratifying as was the partial recognition of their role, the unions have not been idle, waiting for requests for their participation. A new interest has been apparent both at CIO and AFL offices in the experiences of the British trade unions. For in England shop-steward committees have done more to raise production to new highs than any other group—Claude Cockburn has been making that point in these pages for weeks. The unions in this country have begun to take the lesson to heart. At CIO national headquarters the proposal is now heard—unofficially, so far, but pretty certainly it will be put forward at the management-labor conference—that production committees be set up in every plant in the country. Pres. Philip Murray is considering the idea—in fact he seems exceedingly interested in it. Committees of workers with intimate knowledge of all the possibilities for increasing production and of converting machinery and plants for their most efficient use, are to make sure that no methods are neglected

Pulling Together

EVERYBODY in America whose primary concern today is the achievement of victory will welcome the conference of government, labor, and management called by President Roosevelt this week. The entire nation will wish godspeed to the plans for uninterrupted war production which is the purpose of this parley. The six representatives of the AFL, the six of the CIO, who meet with the twelve of management, have the full endorsement of their colleagues. Together with William H. Davis, chairman of the National Defense Mediation Board, the “moderator” on behalf of the government, and Senator Elbert D. Thomas of Utah, “associate moderator,” all have an opportunity to make decisions which will be worth great victories at the front in the days to come.

A primary purpose of this conference is the elimination of strikes through a voluntary labor-industry agreement. The co-operative solution of this issue is a great step forward in the direction of full democratic management of the war effort. This spirit must penetrate into every region, into every locality, every factory. As a matter of fact, that has already begun. The government-management-labor conference called this week by Associate Director Sidney Hillman to map increased production in copper is an important advance. Similar joint activities have already occurred in various regions, most notably under the stimulus of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, CIO.

The spirit of victory also permeated the statement issued by the AFL Executive Council this week, which called its 5,000,000 members to “reach new heights of production and to exemplify in daily service their devotion to our government and their determination to defeat tyranny, despotism, and treachery throughout the world.” That statement laid down vital principles: 1, the elimination of strikes through voluntary labor-employer agreement; 2, the formation of a national agency to deal with grievances, differences, and complaints which may arise between employer and employees; 3, the due regard for the health, safety, and welfare of workers so that maximum production can be achieved.

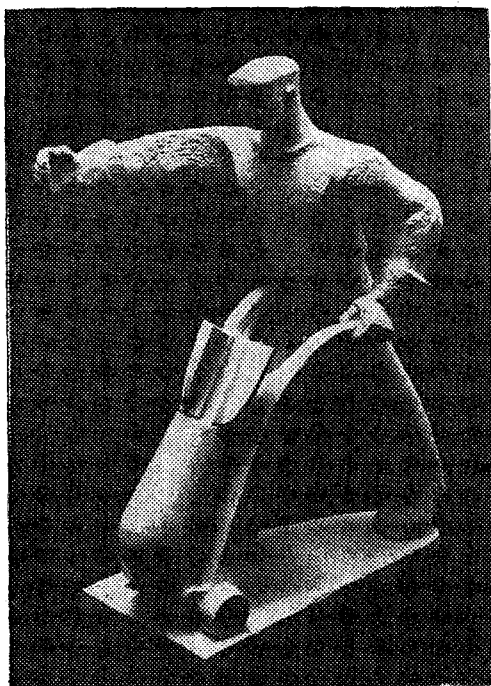
The week's developments in labor must have given Hitler the jitters: for, as Wendell Willkie told the Madison Square meeting called by the CIO this week, “Labor in America will be the determining factor” in the war on fascism. Every individual in our national front needs to understand this fact and cooperate loyally with the men who change the crude ore and metal into instruments of warfare that will mete out death to the world's enemies.

or overlooked to obtain the maximum results.

The proposal cuts through the delays that would surely arise if the unions marked time until they were consulted officially by government or management. The formation of committees on the spot to take initiative has many advantages: such committees could go directly to management with definite proposals; if management delayed or rejected suggestions, the committee could appeal to the communities in which the plants are located. Under such conditions even the most autocratic and uninterested management would not be able to repulse the proffered cooperation. As a result an easy and effective method would be achieved to keep a constant vigil that no production potentiality was being overlooked or neglected. The committees, in addition, would be immeasurably helpful in drawing small shops and factories into the victory program—a vast and complicated problem. Despite energetic efforts, Floyd B. Odum's Division of Contract Distribution has been able to bring very few of the smaller units into the production picture. But with the unions presenting plans from the field and in a position to inform the government of what each little shop can do specifically to augment the war effort, Odum's biggest headache—and in the past, the largest deterrent to achieving adequate output of war materials—would largely disappear.

Moreover, such production committees could assure the most effective prosecution of the war on the economic front. The unions would be in a position to guard against waste, to keep an eye open for unused metals, for hoarders, for shirkers. They would be able to provide facts with which to counter the demands of certain profiteers for outrageous prices as an inducement to produce. Their vigilance could help level out disproportions and so avoid unnecessary hardships for the consumer. They could spur the workers and the communities to greater effort—because these union committees would of necessity take on the task of explaining and popularizing the fight against fascism and the sacrifices that fight entails.

Here is a definite plan of action promising great benefits to the nation. The United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers have taken the first steps toward popularization with the slogan: “Join the Union and Beat Hitler.” The UE has urged all workers and all others who may be interested to visit union headquarters in their locality and to suggest ways and means to improve production. Other unions are beginning to follow suit. The Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers presented its plan for increasing supplies of



Joseph Kozal.

Greater and Greater Production

copper, lead, and zinc before the Truman committee as Congress was preparing to declare war on the Axis. At first, the senators were reluctant to give time to Ben Riskin, MMSW research director. But once Mr. Riskin began to testify, the senators urged him to continue past the half hour originally granted him and requested him to reappear the following day. A few weeks ago I discussed this non-ferrous metals proposal which had not yet been formally released—the program presented to the Truman Committee remains basically the same as that outlined in these pages.

For their part workers in steel and aluminum, automobile, and maritime have all worked out detailed suggestions for increasing output. Harry Bridges' union has been examining methods to speed the loading of ships at the docks. More and more, it is becoming clear that the sooner the unions are given the chance to pull their own weight, the sooner the war will be brought to a victorious conclusion. The encouraging sign today is that increasingly the unions are refusing to recognize obstacles that are put in their paths.

WILLIAM KNUDSEN of OPM held a press conference on December 10. His promises of greater production immediately have been widely reported in the press. But what seemed particularly interesting at the conference was the attitude of a representative of a Detroit newspaper. After Knudsen declared that industry must be placed on a twenty-four hour a day schedule for seven days a week, this reporter popped up with the suggestion that the eight-hour day and overtime pay be wiped out. Knudsen at first replied properly that so long as there existed large numbers of unemployed, so long as the labor supply was ample, increased hours were unnecessary. He added vaguely that labor contracts must be

honored, implying that such contracts forbade men from working beyond a certain set number of hours. But when the Detroit reporter pressed him, Knudsen changed his tone and began to speak sternly of the need to subordinate the individual to the national effort.

All well and good. There can be no quarrel with the subordination of the individual *when this is necessary*. But no contract exists, so far as I can find out from the CIO and AFL, which forbids a union man from working longer than eight or any other set number of hours. What the Detroit fellow was after was to urge Knudsen to advocate the elimination of overtime and of wage-hour legislation, and to favor fixing by statute far longer work hours—perhaps as high as sixteen a day. What would this accomplish in terms of production? As the CIO has pointed out repeatedly, and as English war experience proves, efficiency suffers in direct proportion to the number of hours worked by the individual beyond a certain point. Production figures show higher rates from shifts of eight hours a day than they do from shifts of twelve hours. President Roosevelt has recognized this by refusing to consider alteration of the wage-hours law. If a shortage of labor develops, then it is time enough to lengthen the work day. By and large, no such shortage exists at the present time.

The same principle applies to wage cuts and overtime pay. The more efficient worker, experience shows, is the man or woman enjoying a decent standard of living, free from the most pressing cares, well-fed, well-housed, in good health. In England, overtime is still paid at higher rates because these rates give workers an incentive and compensate for the gruelling experience of spending seventy-two or more hours on the job every week. Wages must be commensurate to the worker's needs. If he is to be efficient, he must be thinking about his work, not about how to improve his wage standard so that he can exist. The real solution to the wage problem at the moment rests in passing realistic and effective price-control legislation that will prevent any further reduction of purchasing power.

THE DETROIT REPORTER's home office was obviously more concerned with bashing labor over the head than with prosecuting the war. And this is an indication of the sort of impediment that will be placed in the way of national unity. Even in the first flush of resolve, the appeasers and the labor baiters allied with them have made themselves felt. There are those in Congress who talk not of the main fight but about "cleaning up" the unions. There are those who are busy rumor-mongering and spreading fear. People here have expressed great indignation over the gossip heard over the radio, the distorted and alarmist—and defeatist—headlines in the press. The President's fireside speech stopped some of it. But many in Washington were shocked when the next day the *New York Times* did its share to spread confusion by printing an un-

signed Washington dispatch which ostensibly quoted persons "in official circles" and warned against the USSR making a separate peace. Adam Lapin noted in his *Daily Worker* column that Martin Dies predicted at a dinner party that the Soviet Union would sign an alliance with Japan. The appeasers, though lately somewhat cautious, are no whit less vicious and menacing than in the past. They can be found in government, in Congress, writing for the press, in industry. The need is for the greatest vigilance against them. Some would "forgive and forget" the appeasers' past sins. This is a generous impulse, but a highly dangerous one.

ONE OTHER POINT from Washington this week. I ran around from government office to government office trying to find out what was being done to bring a greater understanding of this war to the people. But the search was not too productive. Fact and Figures, run by Archibald MacLeish, is a policy-forming committee and operates only as an inter-governmental information agency. The Coordinator of Information—Colonel Donovan's office—is concerned with short-wave radio broadcasts outside the United States and with supplying information to the President. The office of Government Reports, headed by Lowell Mellett, does nothing more than answer written questions sent to it and gets out simple factual studies requested by members of Congress, government agencies, or school teachers. The Department of Education has a long-winded, dull, ineffectual series of books and pamphlets for schools, and an academic program that sounds like an elementary course in civics. The Treasury radio broadcasts concentrate on selling defense bonds. The Office of Civilian Defense is so concerned with fire fighting and air raid precautions (and I don't mean to imply that such work is not of utmost importance) that it does not give sufficient attention to enlightening the people on the central issues of the war.

The government badly needs to reach the people with information and explanations that will bring full comprehension of what this war is about and why it is worth fighting. On the whole, Americans understand—but there is no such thing as too much understanding. The labor movement is daily growing more conscious of the need. Again, it seems, labor must take leadership. But after all, what could be more logical in a people's war?

BRUCE MINTON.



THE KLAN INVADES DETROIT

The Imperial Wizard has a plan "to capture control" of the auto workers' union. The Gestapo file system. Organizing along "military" lines. The real aims of the KKK.

Detroit.

THE Imperial Wizard, fat, ponderous, and bellowing, is reporting to the state convention of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan of Michigan. The time is Sunday, May 18, 1941. The place—Danish Brotherhood Temple, Twelfth and West Forest Ave., Detroit. Several hundred knights are huddled in the large hall which holds more than 1,000 people. A Michigan Klan delegation has just returned, escorting the Imperial Wizard, James A. Colescott, from a meeting in Atlanta, Ga., of the KKK national directing body, known as the Imperial Klonselium.

The Imperial Wizard roars out his demand for "Americanization—Americanization and more Americanization." And he presents a new program of action. This program is, in brief: disrupt, divide, and seize control of the United Automobile Workers-CIO. Instead of a head-on fight against unionism, the new tactic is to work from within. The UAW is to be saved from "Communism," it is to be "Americanized" by the Ku Klux Klan. And in the name of a crusade against "Communism," attacks on Negroes, Jews, and the foreign-born are plentiful in the Imperial Wizard's speech.

This "boring from within" tactic marks a new development in Klan activity and is the latest model of the auto corporations' union-busting machine. The coming of the CIO to the industry has greatly reduced the effectiveness of the old labor spy and stoolpigeon technique. The KKK has therefore entered the scene to do the job in a new way. And since this conspiratorial outfit is thoroughly fascist in every respect, it also helps disorganize the effort to swing the auto industry fully into the war program.

LET US CONSIDER the background of the new KKK program. Following the Cleveland convention of the UAW in 1939, when Henry Ford's stooge, Homer Martin, was kicked out of leadership, the union faced the task of rebuilding its shattered ranks. From 250,000 members, it had dwindled to 80,000. But with the help of the CIO, the union began regaining lost ground, sweeping plant after plant. Martin, under the prompting of the notorious Jay Lovestone, became the leader of the AFL "auto union." "Join an American union," was the plea of the Ford-Lovestone-Martin clique. "The CIO is controlled by Communists." Their appeal fell on deaf ears as far as the auto workers were concerned, but it won the enthusiastic support of the Klan.

During the latter part of 1939 and early 1940 discussions were held in the Klan Klaverns on how to combat the CIO. It was after the victorious Ford strike in 1941 and

the signing of the agreement with the Ford company that the Klan members decided to join the UAW-CIO. On May 4, 1941, at a membership meeting held at the Klavern, 89 West Forest Avenue, the Michigan Grand Dragon, C. S., (all names can be furnished to the proper authorities) ordered all KKK members in Ford's to join the union and pay dues. The question was discussed further at the Imperial Klonselium in Atlanta, which was attended by the Michigan Grand Dragon, C. S., by H. H. from Pontiac, and by A. H., an executive of the Chevrolet Motor Co. This was followed by the state convention on the eighteenth, at which the Imperial Wizard himself lent the weight of his authority to the new tactics.

THE CHANGE in the technique of disrupting unionism called for new methods of work on the part of the Klan forces. Many of their members were dubious riff-raff, hangers-on of the political machines of city and state, who had never worked in factories. As many of them as possible had to be gotten into the plants and new members recruited among backward auto workers. Listen to the aforementioned A. H., Chevrolet executive and leader of the Klan "labor" groups, explain how this is being done. At a meeting held in the Detroit Klavern during the last week of May, he said: "I am contacting the employers, through the Chamber of Commerce and Employers Association, and influencing them to see that it is to their advantage to give unemployed Klan members the preference during the layoff in the auto industry," and Imperial Wizard Colescott, in his speech at the state convention of the Klan, outlined a structure of organization for work in the UAW-CIO. However, he did not explain a system of card indexing, to be carried out by every Klansman working in a factory.

The organizational structure is along military lines; coordinating all of the work is a Klansman with the title "general." (He is H. H. from Pontiac.) Under him are colonels, each of whom directs all Klan work in a large Detroit corporation, such as General Motors, Chrysler, and Ford. Then come the majors, who are in charge of a single plant like Packard, Briggs, Kelsey-Hayes, etc. Below them are the lieutenants, who supervise division Klan work; for example, if a plant has five divisions, each of them is headed by a lieutenant. Klansmen in charge of departments are called corporals. A corporal has under him a squad of Klansmen.

Espionage is an important part of the work of this Gestapo setup. Listen again to Imperial Wizard Colescott, speaking at the May 18 state convention: "Klansmen must carry

on an investigation of every man in the departments of the plant and industry where he works. This has to be carried through the entire state, yes, through the entire nation. We must know his politics, his nationality, religion, what he thinks, or anything else connected with him."

This information has to be filed on a card, two duplicates made and given to the corporal of the squad, who in turn, passes them along to the lieutenant. The cards are passed along the line until they reach H. H., the general. One copy is placed in the Klan files. Where the two duplicates go, can be surmised.

TEACHING THE RIFF-RAFF, drawn from the sewers of city political machines, how to work in unions is another part of the work of capturing the UAW-CIO. Three nights a week at the Detroit Klavern at 89 West Forest Avenue classes are held, with the teacher A. H. from Chevrolet. Other teachers are C. S., the Michigan Grand Dragon, B. C. S., a school teacher, and H. H., formerly a chief goon for Homer Martin. The general also teaches from time to time. The instruction deals with the building of squads in departments, the spotting of "Communists" and the use of *Roberts' Rules of Order*. There are also technical instructors who teach the Klansmen how to read blueprints, etc.

Let me mention a few of the disruptive actions that have emanated from the Klan since May 18.

Last summer the Kelsey-Hayes Wheel Corp. opened a new plant to build and assemble machine guns in Plymouth, Mich., near Macomb County. Union workers from the Detroit plants of the Kelsey-Hayes Co. were entitled to first call on jobs in the new factory. But members of the Klan, whose Macomb County branch meets in Odd Fellows Hall, Nine Mile Road and Van Dyke Boulevard, began agitating against permitting Negro workers to be employed at the machine gun plant. Union leaders who defended the Negroes' right to employment were immediately subjected to attack and denounced as "Communists." The KKK agents succeeded in confusing enough honest union men to have their way. As a result no Negro Kelsey-Hayes employees are permitted to work in the new plant.

Another incident occurred at the Chevrolet plant in Detroit, where A. H. is active. Some time ago the company announced that "at the request of certain employees" it was opening a separate washroom for Negro workers. This Jim Crow practice was denounced by large numbers of union men, who finally succeeded in having it abolished.

In Chrysler Local 7 a Jim Crow clause

was inserted in certain union agreements at the instigation of Klan elements. In this case too the workers later succeeded in eliminating the clause. Likewise in the new Chrysler tank plant the company, with the support of Klan elements, at first refused to employ Negroes. This was stopped by vigorous action on the part of progressive unionists.

In the Packard plant the Klan program had some success at a recent stewards' meeting. Two Negroes, entitled by their seniority rating to employment in national defense work, were denied that right when the stewards' meeting referred the matter back to the international union. This issue had previously been placed before the international union, and Pres. R. J. Thomas, in a letter to the local, reaffirmed the decision of the Buffalo convention last July opposing discrimination against Negro UAW-CIO members in defense work. Despite this letter, Klan elements were able to prevent the two Negroes from getting the defense jobs. Klansmen or those influenced by them among the stewards insisted that their workers would go on strike, if Negroes came into their departments. However, the Packard local, under the progressive leadership of Pres. Curt Murdoch, is determined to wipe out this Klan victory and to secure defense jobs for its Negro members.

In Ford's the Klan has allies in a trio of notorious working class enemies. Klan disruption is continuous. The trio is reported to be Benjamin Gitlow, William Nowell, and Zygmund Dobrizinski. Gitlow is the Dies' committee's notorious star witness. Nowell has been operating as a stool for some time, and is also Gerald L. K. Smith's "expert" on Communism. He was expelled from the Communist party several years ago as an employers' agent among the Negro people. Dobrizinski was assistant director of the Ford union drive under Homer Martin in 1937-38, and was expelled from Local 205 of the UAW-CIO as a stoolpigeon.

The Klan is active in the foundry at the Ford River Rouge plant. The foundry workers elected as their chairman a Negro, Sheldon Tapps. Immediately the Klan members began initiating almost weekly recall movements against Tapps. Phony grievances are concocted, and when the company refuses to settle them, the Klan charges that Tapps is "incompetent" and should be removed.

THE SERIOUS MENACE of the KKK to the auto workers may be judged from the fact that at the Buffalo convention of the UAW-CIO last July there were among the delegates, according to my information, about 100 Klansmen, controlling some 300 votes. Klan members succeeded in worming their way into the delegations from Detroit—Packard, Briggs, Chevrolet Gear & Axle, Ford—and from Pontiac and Indiana. Clearly, the UAW-CIO and the cause of industrial unionism today again face a sinister enemy, this time working from within. And Imperial Wizard James A. Colescott has publicly pro-

claimed the objectives of the Klan. Recently he visited Detroit and gave a press conference in the Hotel Statler. My notes on that press conference read:

Question: What is the purpose of the Ku Klux Klan, Mr. Colescott? Answer: To bore from within the UAW-CIO in order that "Communists" will be driven out, and the union turned over to Americans. Question: Are you in favor of the CIO? Answer: Oh yes, but it's under Communist leadership, and it's the sacred duty of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan to bring it back into the fold of Americanism.

But the Imperial Wizard "had no comment" on the Gestapo file system of the KKK, nor on the new military setup of the Klan by which it seeks to capture control of the auto workers' union.

The auto workers, however, have something to say and they are saying it. The president of the union, R. J. Thomas, recently stated: "There is no room within the ranks of the UAW-CIO for the Ku Klux Klan or its activities. Efforts of the Klan to inject itself into our local unions should be resisted to the utmost by our membership and its officers. The UAW-CIO does not need the assistance of the Imperial Wizard Colescott or any of his deluded followers. Colescott's charge that the CIO is in Communists' hands is merely the stock in trade of his racket."

"The UAW-CIO is an American organization and makes no distinction because of race, creed, or color. It will not tolerate Colescott and his associated bigots who, if they had their way, would divide our nation and our union into warring religious groups. My advice to Colescott is to pack his bag. Detroit does not need him."

Following this, the two most powerful sections of the CIO in Michigan, the Ford National Council of the UAW-CIO, speaking for thirty-six locals in forty-nine cities with 130,000 members, and the Michigan CIO state executive board, with 400,000 members, denounced the Klan and warned labor to be on guard against its attempts to capture the union and turn it over to the employers.

ANOTHER FIFTH COLUMN group which seeks to cripple the auto workers' united effort to out-produce Hitler is the National Workers League, chief distributors of Nazi and anti-Semitic literature in Detroit. This outfit has worked openly with the German-American Bund. Auto union leaders report that large quantities of this literature are being distributed in the shops. The headquarters of the National Workers League is at the Humber Building, 13535 Woodward Avenue, Hall 222 (second floor). If a member happened to miss a meeting on Friday at 8 PM, he could until recently get his fascist literature on Tuesday at 7:30 PM outside the weekly America First meeting at Cass Technical High School where W. R. Lyman, Jr., in charge of literature for the National Workers League, gave League members their weekly bundles.

Head of the National Workers League is one Parker Sage, a professional labor spy, expelled from UAW-CIO Local 235 (Chevrolet Gear & Axle) some years ago. Because of pressure from the workers, he was also fired from the US Rubber Co. for inciting against Negroes.

An example of League propaganda is the following statement, which appeared in the June 29 issue of its national newsletter and was widely distributed in auto plants in Detroit, Flint, and Pontiac:

"Fellow Americans, the European war is being liquidated in the manner it should have started. Doomsday has dawned for the world's most degenerate political system, Jewish Communism. This noble task undertaken by the grievously misunderstood and maligned German people deserves the unstinted support from all peoples professing any beliefs in religion. . . . Humanity is now being indebted to the German nation for a deed we were not clean enough to even attempt. . . . the debt cannot be repaid in this century. . . . It is a privilege to be living in this great age. As Americans we should feel envious of the role assigned by fate for the glorification of the German nation. Let us strive to prove worthy of their friendship."

THIS TYPE of material, plus nauseating caricatures of President Roosevelt and his Cabinet members, is flooding the war production auto plants. The Ford Motor Co., Chrysler, Packard, and other companies, which maintain thousands of "plant protection" men and service men, make no effort to prevent this distribution. Needless to say, there was never any such tolerance shown for union literature in the days before the UAW brought the companies to terms.

The National Workers League was formed three years ago and is made up of remnants of the terrorist Black Legion. Its present acting secretary is one Charles Dexter. Dexter was a "captain" in the Black Legion and turned state's evidence during the Black Legion trials in Detroit in 1936. Later he was implicated in witness bribery in a Detroit recount on election frauds. After receiving his freedom for turning state's evidence, Dexter became a professional stoolpigeon against labor. He joined the International Workers Order and for some time was known to be supplying information to the local fascist Fuehrer, Gerald L. K. Smith. He was finally exposed by the Civil Rights Federation. At present he is working as a "clerk" for the Ford Motor Co.

The operations of fascist organizations like the Ku Klux Klan and the National Workers League in the auto industry are of concern not only to the workers and their union but to our entire country now at war with the Axis. These fifth column groups are worth whole army divisions to Hitler. No time should be lost in stamping them out before they obstruct the national effort for greater and greater production.

WILLIAM ALLAN.

Recruiting Station: USA

Alvah Bessie talks to the men who are flocking to the colors. "What about me? I'm seventeen." The young men who know what it's all about.

THERE was a cold wind blowing off the North Atlantic and whistling through the canyons of lower Manhattan. The men on the line leaned against the wind, wiping their streaming eyes with handkerchiefs, blowing their noses, stamping their feet, and clapping their hands. They were good-natured about the length of time they had to wait to get inside the warm building—the recruiting center for the Army of the United States at 39 Whitehall Street.

"Come on," they shouted, "get a wiggle on; Japan isn't waiting." They pushed and shuffled; they shared cigarettes and had their collars turned up.

Inside the building they were sent up the stairs to the second floor, where a private in uniform said, "Volunteer?"

"Yeh," they said. "Where do we sign up?"

The soldier handed each man a round green tag on a string and said, "Hang it around your neck." The men laughed and moved past the head of the stairs into the indicated room.

It was a big room, and the men already there were patiently seated in several rows of chairs, their hats on their knees, as the corporal spoke to them. The corporal had been assigned to keep them informed (and entertained) while they were waiting to get their physicals downstairs.

I watched the man with the double chevron. He was doing a good job. The lieutenant in charge of Personal Relations had said to me, "That guy's amazing. He stands on his feet there fourteen hours a day, and talks to the boys. I don't know how he does it."

The corporal was talking. "I'll answer any question you want to ask; I'll tell you anything you want to know. Only one man ask at a time and don't interrupt."

They were full of questions; anxious, concerned. "What about me? I'm seventeen."

"Too bad," the corporal said. "You'll have to wait, but thanks for coming down; that's the spirit we want."

"What about me?" a man said. "I'm thirty-eight—veteran."

"Got six years' previous service?"

"Nah," he said.

"Got a non-com's rating?"

"Yeh."

"You're all right," the corporal said. "It's good to see some of the oldtimers again." The men applauded.

I say, the men. They *were* men, even though the vast majority were in their early twenties. There was a seriousness about them, a poise that seems characteristic of this generation of young men. Early responsibility might have accounted for it; certainly, most

of those I talked to knew more at twenty-two—more about the way of the world and the nature of the threat that faces us—than my contemporaries had known at thirty-two.

Most did not want their names to be printed. "Keep my name out of the paper," the young attorney said. "It isn't important who I am; I'm just one of millions."

"Did you have an office?" I said.

"Sure," he said. He nodded at another young fellow with him, wearing glasses. "This's my partner."

They were enlisting together. "We've been in practice four years," the young man said. "First three years we starved; this last year I've made \$4,000. But I wouldn't feel right sitting in my office with this thing going on."

Most of them had the same attitude. "I'm no hero," they said. "Only when they attack us, I wouldn't feel right staying home."

Most of them had jobs. There were practically no down-and-outers in the room who might be expected to enlist out of desperation. There was a young fellow standing next to me; he looked at the card in my hat. "That was a swell issue you got out this week," he smiled.

"It wasn't bad," I said.

"I wanted to go to Spain," he said. "But they wouldn't have me."

"What do you do?"

"Dress-goods house."

The roster of jobs, of nationality groups cut as wide as America. I watched them, remembering what we used to say in Spain—"War's mostly waiting. You wait for everything. Once in a while something happens; when it happens, it happens fast and ends fast; then you wait again." "Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, always bloody-well wait-ing," we used to sing. I got exhausted watching the patience with which these youngsters waited for their orders, their eyes intent on the corporal who was talking, answering questions, sending out batches of twenty-five at a time to get forms to fill out for their

physicals, saying, "The Red Cross women are serving coffee and sandwiches downstairs; if anyone here hasn't eaten, he can go downstairs and eat."

That was an Irish face; that was Jewish. There were Chinese boys; two Japanese; three Negroes. There were guys in leather jackets and in well cut overcoats; the majority didn't look any too well off, but they were neat and clean. They were all shaved, and many had small zipper bags with their personal belongings, ready to go.

"How much time we got after we're examined, to straighten things out before we have to go?"

"If you pass your physical before six," the corporal said, "you'll go tonight or tomorrow morning."

There was a low whistle.

The corporal smiled and said, "We don't waste time here; there's no time to waste."

"How can I get in the air corps?" "What about my wife—she has a job?" "What about dependents?" "I'm an aircraft mechanic; can I get into that kind of work?" "I got a wife, but I don't know where she is." The boys laughed; the corporal answered questions.

A young fellow came up to me with a book under his arm. It was a college text I remembered—*From Beowulf to Thomas Hardy*. "You're what I wanted to be," he said with a grin from behind dark glasses. "A journalist. Guess I won't get much chance to write now."

"Why not?" I said. "You'll get plenty of time. Student?"

"Sure," he said. "New York U. I'm writing a piece about this business down here for the college paper. It'll be the last one I'll write. What school did you go to?"

There was a truck driver who said, "I took the rig into the garage and said to the boss, 'Here, you can have the junk; I'm going to war.'" There was a high school student who said, "So I stood up in the class and said to the teacher, this morning, I said, 'So long, I'm joining up.'" There was a fine looking Swede in the silk business who wanted to know if I knew so-and-so of the Associated Press. There were several men accompanied by their wives or mothers and the women were not weeping; their faces were full of pride. There was one fellow who came in wild-eyed and said, "Listen, I just got word my two brothers in Honolulu were knocked off by the air raid. Where can I sign up?"

There was no hysteria; there was none of the atmosphere I remembered from 1917, what we used to call the "war spirit." There was everywhere an alertness I remember vividly from the faces of the men in Sr





"I didn't know the ocean was so big, Adolph."

Michael

an intelligent appraisal of what was being said, its implications; an earnestness, a sobriety, a determination. Almost everyone said, "The country's been attacked. Who the hell wants a war? We got to fight it; we'll lick them all—Japan, the Nazis, the fascists. We never lost a war yet."

The saddest faces I saw were the faces of men who were turned down: over-age, aliens without first papers, under-age, boys with dependents they weren't sure could be supported if they went. It was the same over at the great Federal Building at 90 Church Street, where they were lined up to join the navy and marine corps. Only there were more men, because it promised more immediate action, they felt. They knew the navy was active in the Pacific, and they wanted to get it quick. You saw Greeks, Filipinos,

Norwegians, men of German and Italian extraction, Western Union boys in uniform, Puerto Ricans, boys in the green uniform of the CCC; by far the great majority are leaving jobs—small ones, perhaps—to defend their country. They told me, "I'm no sucker. I know there ain't no percentage in maybe getting a leg blown off or what-the-hell, only we can't stand by and let them take us, can we? It's been going on too long now. All the time we're reading about one country after another going down the line; now they're trying to take us; we can't let them do it, can we?"

No, we can't. And to judge by these boys waiting in lines where there is a cold wind blowing from off the Atlantic, on Whitehall Street, on State Street, on Vesey Street, and Church, they won't take us easily. I thought of Spain, and their fight—and our fight. Then

it was over the Pyrenees—now it's over the world. We knew then what would happen; now the whole world knows. Our people are finding out fast; and they will learn a lot more before it's all over but the shouting. Where, the week before bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, the army was recruiting a handful of men a week, between Monday and Wednesday of last week 5,000 New York young men, and many not so young, signed their application papers for voluntary induction into the Army of the United States. They are the men who will win the war, as the President said the other day.

They are the democratic people, standing up to be counted in the greatest emergency with which this young nation has yet been faced. We, back home, will win the war with them.

ALVAH BESSIE.

December 23, 1941 NM

WHERE WILL HITLER MOVE NEXT?

Claude Cockburn surveys the possibility of a Nazi thrust into Africa. What the Axis may encounter if it attempts to march through Spain. Stakes in the Mediterranean.

London (by cable).

SIGNIFICANTLY, for the first time in months British political commentators and diplomatic correspondents have been publicly speculating on the immediate possibility of a German move into and through Spain. This is not to say that there has not been wide discussion of this possibility in all circles for months. But until very recently correspondents have had a very distinct impression that, in view of the "delicate" situation of Sir Samuel Hoare, the British ambassador to Spain, public discussion of Anglo-Spanish relations was not encouraged. It is equally true that until very recently it has been, as I have reported earlier, a general feeling in well informed circles here that Hitler was by no means ready to undertake a move which would have the effect of opening up a second front if not on the European continent, then at least on the Atlantic shores of North Africa.

Now, however, a sharp change has come over this aspect of the situation. Once again, as in the case of the Japanese attack, we have to find the key to the new position in the shattering defeats sustained by the German armies in Russia. It is the Red Armies which have altered everything—absolutely everything. And above all, they have altered the position in which the German government could afford to spend time. Because of the defeats in Russia, because German manpower is draining away, because this winter there will be no question of 1,000,000 men being taken away from the German army to increase production in the German factories, Hitler no longer has time to spend. That is why many moves which were on the board but did not seem at all imminent a month ago are viewed as possibly imminent now.

THE POSITION with regard to Spain is seen in the light of the following essential factors: (1) With the spread of the war to the Far East, and in addition, the heavily increased strain on allied shipping both in the East and in the Atlantic, the urgency of the need to regain control of the short route to the Middle and Far East has been enormously in-

creased. (2) The battle in Libya is a key point in the struggle to regain that control for the Allies. (3) Although the Libyan battlefield has thus suddenly increased its importance, it is certain that the only means by which the Axis can at present strengthen its forces there are proving enormously costly and wasteful. (4) This is particularly irksome and dangerous at the moment when really catastrophic losses in material as well as men are being suffered on the Eastern Front. For these reasons it becomes urgent now for the Axis to find a new and safer method of reinforcing its position in North Africa. At the same time, success in such a

move would, of course, affect not only the battle for the control of the Mediterranean route, but strengthen the position of the Axis at Casablanca and even Dakar.

These are the obvious factors pointing at least to the necessity for the Axis—since it cannot afford either a serious loss of control in North Africa or the price which the present methods of supply exact—to find new ways and means. It is, of course, not necessary to assume that the way found will be by the creation of a land route through Spain and a more or less agreed occupation of French North Africa. It is possible that, to begin with, the long-predicted attempt to secure full cooperation with the Axis by the French fleet might be undertaken. This would be a compromise in which, instead of deserting the sea route for the land route, the effort would be made to increase the forces available for protecting the convoys of men and materiel from Europe to Africa. However, it's clear that this method would not by itself produce the possible other advantages already mentioned, particularly in relation to the acquisition of new bases for the battle of the Atlantic. The implications of the new Axis necessities in the Mediterranean region are exceedingly serious and naturally have raised here once again the question of a possible forestalling action by the Allies in Spain or on the Atlantic coast of Africa.

Equally, once again keenest speculation has been aroused as to the real situation within Spain and the possible repercussions of action there. It would, of course, be misleading to draw any close parallel between the possibilities in Spain and those in Yugoslavia. Obviously the immediate and almost incredible success of the Yugoslav guerrillas under General Mihailovitch is based in large part on the fact that so considerable a section of the Yugoslav army was able to escape with its small arms into the mountains in face of the German invasion. Equally it is true that the Spanish people have suffered not only an exhausting war but almost unbelievable privations, including mass starvation, in the period following the fascist victory. Nevertheless,



there are apart from vague reports upon the state of feeling of the Spanish people, some very concrete indications. For example, it is known that in the Asturian Mountains, the miners of the coal region around Oviedo are conducting a guerilla war whose extent is limited principally by the shortage of arms. The situation is different from that which followed the Asturian revolt in 1934 because on that occasion the miners had almost no experience with any type of modern weapon or warfare.

Now, as in other parts of Spain, while the weapons are lacking, the training is not, and there is hardly any part of the country formerly held by the republicans where there is not—despite the huge scale massacre and imprisonment of republican supporters—a high proportion of men who fought for at least a considerable period in the ranks of the republican army. It is also a fact that at this moment tension is reported to be greater than at any time since the end of the Spanish war, and all important quarters of industrial towns are being heavily patrolled by fascist armored cars and machine gun squads. It must be remembered that Spain's whole international situation was profoundly altered by the German attack on the Soviet Union. It could hardly be expected that the Spanish people, for so long victims on the one hand of the direct fascist attack, and on the other of the policy of non-intervention, should have viewed the policies of the British foreign office with any particular sympathy; more particularly when they saw the continued efforts of the British government to conciliate and assist the government of General Franco.

The attack on the Soviet Union and the Russian resistance changed all that. For nobody has ever doubted the fact that the most profound feelings of gratitude and hope were nurtured by the Spanish people for the Russian people, who alone had given them large scale material assistance in their struggle against fascism. This change within Spain is one likely to be of the greatest importance and one which should be kept very much in the foreground of all current considerations of the possibilities of action in Spain. It is also to be noted that while the Asturian miners are in open revolt against the government, further along the coast the industrial areas of Bilbao and the Basque coast combine the anti-fascism of the industrial workers with the intense nationalism of the Basques, now exacerbated more than ever by the policy of the government at Madrid.

ALL THESE CONSIDERATIONS and the relatively new problems raised by the latest turn of events emphasize more heavily than ever the need for some form of allied war counsel. You will have noted, of course, that the demand for such a drawing together of the Allies in a practical way is being voiced here almost, though not quite as, urgently as in the United States. As I forecast last week, there have been attempts originated by enemy propaganda to sow dissension among the allies.

The Great Soviet Offensive

THE day before the Axis struck at the United States, the democratic coalition struck at the Axis. At dawn on December 6 Soviet troops moved forward in a great counter-offensive. Before the week was over, the Nazi troops were in full retreat, twenty-one divisions of 300,000 men had been smashed, more than 400 villages had been retaken, huge quantities of materiel had been captured, and Adolph Hitler had suffered the greatest defeat of his career. Today American newspapermen, who left Moscow two months ago expecting never to return, are back in the city. The threat to the capital's life has been hurled back.

Coming on the heels of the counter-offensive in the South, which drove the Nazis out of Rostov and is threatening to clear them completely out of the Don Basin, the victory on the central front may yet come to be regarded as the turning point of the war. Not that Nazi military might has by any means been shattered. The fight on all fronts of this world battle will be hard, and there will be defeats as well as victories. But what has been demonstrated around Rostov and Moscow are, first, that the Red Army is not merely a great defensive army, but a powerful striking force, with enormous physical and moral reserves that enable it to recover quickly from its wounds; second, that the German army, after losing its best troops in six months of the bloodiest warfare in history, is beginning to weaken, its fighting edge and its morale seriously blunted.

Simultaneously Marshal Timoshenko has continued his operations west of Rostov along the Sea of Azov, encircling Taganrog and Mariupol and launching a drive toward Stalino, 105 miles northwest of Rostov. On the Leningrad front the Red Army recaptured Tikhvin, ending a threat to cut off the last remaining rail link with Leningrad, and in turn endangering the Germans' own right wing on that front. And in the extreme South Soviet troops have also improved their positions in the Crimea.

The Nazis, while acknowledging that their troops have been placed on the defensive, are trying to give the impression that they are making voluntary withdrawals to prepared positions for the winter. Even if this were true, it would constitute a defeat. A Stockholm dispatch to the *New York Times* reports that the *Helsingin Sanomat*, the most pro-German Finnish newspaper, said "the announcement of the winter pause on the eastern front, which the German High Command has made and which also concerns Finland, has produced dismay in our country; we had been certain that Moscow would fall before Christmas."

But if these are voluntary withdrawals, it is curious that the Nazi soldiers should be leaving in such haste that they are "forgetting" to take with them large numbers of tanks, armored trucks, guns, and other equipment. And there will be no pause. As Maxim Litvinov said in his statement to the American press, "the Soviet High Command has no intention . . . of allowing Hitler to hibernate. We intend to beat back and smash up the hordes of Hitler till they are completely destroyed." Well may the situation dismay the Berlin gangsters and their satellites.

But freedom-loving people in every country rejoice with the people of Moscow and of the whole Soviet Union. We Americans were so preoccupied with the Japanese attack on our country that it took us a few days to realize what was happening in Russia. As Dorothy Thompson pointed out in an eloquent tribute to the Soviet achievement: "While the Japanese were sinking ships before confused and unbelieving eyes, the Russians were reversing the tide on another front, which is also our front." And undoubtedly she spoke from the heart of our own people when she said in conclusion:

"A hand across the sea to the Russians. And what the Chinese, the British, and the Russians learned from initial defeat—how to mobilize the whole moral and physical strength of the people—we too shall learn, and quickly. And fifty years ahead of the Russians technologically, we must outdo them."

Our sacrifice and bloodshed have only just begun. But we have a common enemy and a common cause, and whatever the cost, we shall not fail.

Particularly has this attempt been made in the form of an attack upon Soviet policy. Although one or two commentators here who should know better have fallen for this type of propaganda, it is significant to note that the more serious commentators and those most closely in touch with the government have

all pointed out the absurdity of those who are trying to suggest that the only power which has yet met and defeated at appalling sacrifice the whole brunt of the Axis attack, can be accused of "hanging back" in any particular.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

December 23, 1941 NM



**ALL FOR
VICTORY!**

Gropper

PANZERS WITHOUT OIL

Colonel T. draws attention to Hitler's desperate need for oil. The meaning of the Rostov campaign. Why Japan drives toward the Dutch East Indies.

WITH the fateful "7-11" throw of the Axis dice (Japan declared war on the U. S. on December 7 and Germany on December 11), the second world war has thrown a girdle of fire around the entire world. And out of the welter of fronts, sectors, operative lines, communications, sea lanes, threats, and potentialities, there emerges one simple fundamental pattern: the actual fighting on large scales centers in two zones. These zones are limited by the meridians 20 and 40 longitude east and 100 and 120 longitude east. The great bulk of the Axis fights in the first zone, its Japanese appendix in the second. In this article I want to discuss one phase—to me an important one—of the present fighting.

What is the invisible magnet which attracts the fighting forces of the contending sides to these particular zones? Without discussing the whole complex of factors involved, the question of oil, it seems to me, is a fundamental one, militarily.

The fundamental elements of warfare are *movement* (maneuver), *fire*, and *shock*. Modern war combines the three with a preponderance of the first. While maneuver retains its fundamental purpose, which is to get into the most advantageous position for striking, an army also fires as it moves (tanks and planes); the concept of shock, of course, is indivisible from the concept of movement.

The movement of modern armies is created by the internal combustion motor. This means that all three elements of warfare are dependent on oil. Now oil is not found everywhere. There are two great oil centers (so far discovered) on this earth. One is in the Western Hemisphere (North, Central, and South America). This center yields probably some 100,000,000 tons a year, the major part of which is produced by the United States. The other great center is located between the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Persian Gulf. We might call it the Caucasian-Iranian center. This center can produce about 50,000,000 tons per year with more than one-half belonging to the USSR, and the rest to countries cooperating with the anti-Axis powers. A third center is in the Dutch East Indies.

These are the principal centers. The first (American) is not within Axis reach. The second (Baku-Mosul) is the object of Ger-

many's attack. The third (East Indian) is the object of Japanese attack. However, the above three centers are not the only ones in the world. Germany and its immediate satellites have some oil at their disposal. In order to get an idea of things to come, it is interesting to analyze these reserves.

IT IS KNOWN that the combined output of Germany, Poland, Rumania, Albania, and other occupied countries is about 7,000,000 tons yearly. Germany can produce a maximum of 3,500,000 tons of synthetic oil. Another 1,600,000 tons of substitute (alcohol and benzol) can be produced. It is now known that Germany had a reserve of some 7,000,000 tons of oil, accumulated for this war. In other words, the western part of the Axis has, for one year of war on the present scale, some 19,000,000 tons of fuel of various types.

But what is the scale of this war? Here are a few calculations. In the forty-five days of the German campaign in the West in 1940, the *Wehrmacht* used up 1,500,000 tons of petroleum products in military operations alone. This took care of 135 infantry divisions, about twelve armored divisions, and about 10,000 planes on active duty. Considering the gigantic scope of operations on the Soviet Front, it is quite on the safe side to say that the Axis forces in the East need at least 2,000,000 tons of fuel per month. Add another 500,000 for the communications in areas behind the lines (Italy, etc). In other words, during one year of war on the present scale, the Axis will need 30,000,000 tons of fuel in all forms. (Pre-war General Staff calculations were about 20,000,000 tons per year.)

On the other hand, we saw above that the Axis had only 19,000,000 tons for a year of war. This means that Hitler's quartermaster-general is faced with a yearly deficit of 11,000,000 tons. It must also be pointed out that all these calculations do not even take into consideration the possible, and probable, damage caused to German oil production by both British and Soviet air action.

Thus a monthly drain of 900,000 tons per month is placed on the German oil resources, and this means that less than eight months after the invasion of the Soviet Union began, the German reserves will have been depleted and a certain number of tanks, trucks, and planes will have to be immobilized. This

approximate date can be set at March 1, 1942.

The Germans figured that they would have the Caucasus by spring. Baku alone could have kept their war machine rolling. Their offensive against Rostov was a direct bid for oil. The stab at Leningrad and Moscow and Vologda was a bid to cut the communications of the Soviet Union with its Allies and thus to weaken the Soviet defense, protecting, among other things, the oil of Baku.

This combined offensive has proved a fiasco. Toward the end of the sixth month of the war the German armies are reeling back on the entire front. Not one of the three objectives has been achieved. There will be no Baku oil for Hitler this year. Two "locks" are hanging on the "door" to Baku—Rostov and Sebastopol, the door itself being formed by the huge Red Army front—Murmansk-Leningrad-Moscow-Rostov.

What is Germany to do? It must again turn its attention to the Iraq-Iranian oilfields. Two avenues of approach are possible here; a march through Turkey and another through Egypt. The Egyptian plan appears to be washed up. So the Turkish route seems to loom menacingly.

Meanwhile the Japanese are stabbing toward the East Indian oilfields. The way is barred here by the quadrangle of powerful fortresses and bases — Manila-Hongkong-Singapore-Surabaya. The Japanese are now attacking the first three, of which Manila and Singapore are the most important. We do not know, of course, what the Japanese oil reserves are. The export divisions of Standard Oil can perhaps supply Washington with the figures. In any case it is probable that the Japanese can endure a war on the present scale in the Pacific longer than the Germans can on the Eastern Front. But the capture of the East Indian oil by the Japanese would not help Germany, as far as oil is concerned.

THE GENERAL PICTURE, as the war approaches the end of the sixth month of its most active and decisive phase, is this. The Soviet Union, while guarding the approaches to the oil of Baku and thus parching the Axis to death, is holding in its grip some 300 German divisions; at the same time it immobilizes no less than one-third of the Japanese land forces and probably half of their air force through the mere presence of the great crescent of its Far Eastern armies.

The British are holding off some ten Axis divisions in Libya and guarding the approaches to the oil of Iraq and Iran. In the Far East the ABCD powers are striving to keep Japan from the oil of the East Indies. The United States is guarding the entire oil supply of the Western Hemisphere, against which passes have been made repeatedly by the Axis. The United States is getting into its stride.

The Red Army has seized the initiative along the entire 1,800-mile front after shattering about half of the Axis military strength during twenty-five weeks of incessant fighting. It seems that the Axis "7-11" throw was an unhappy one, for once. COLONEL T.

ONE MIGHTY TORRENT

An Editorial

A POWERFUL current, a rushing of mighty waters, has welled up from the hidden springs of American life these first days of the war. It is a current of national unity and determination so surging and so strong that all the inertia of the past has been swept away overnight. The war has become real. National unity has become real. The doubts and disputes have gone under. The enormous problems which face us have become easier of solution because unity and determination are the real moods of America and govern everything.

Three mainstreams of popular initiative have already flowed together: first, the spontaneous increase of enlistment in the army and navy, hundreds of thousands of young men jamming the recruitment offices seven days a week to offer their lives for the battle. Second, the decision of literally millions of trade unionists to forego strikes for mediation and arbitration, devoting every energy to a big boost in war production.

And the third stream embodies the civilians, those hundreds of thousands of nameless citizens from all walks of life who have been learning how to fight fires, how to watch for enemy planes, how to organize the blackout, what to do about the children. *Participation* has become the key word. The tradition of the town meeting, the tradition of all able-bodied men rallying to defend the stockade, the tradition of Betsy Ross has been revived. The participation of the people corresponds to the character of the war, and in itself makes this a people's war.

America's spirit is not one of elation; the excitement after the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, the details of which have been reported by Secretary Knox, has given way to a certain calm, even a grimness. The average man knows that great adjustments of personal life will be necessary. There will be taxes; there will be shortages; and unless price control is instituted immediately, the gap between income and the cost of living will grow. In some fields unemployment may rise, a consequence of the fact that many industrialists have placed business-as-usual before the job of beating Hitler; great occupational shifts may be necessary as some kinds of work become useless and war work demands more labor power.

But all these uncertainties are now resolved within the framework of a basic certainty, namely that this war is a just war, that it can be won by the overwhelming resources and stamina of all the nations now ranged against the Axis. Thus there is a sense of relief. The atmosphere has cleared; the overtone of sorrow has been submerged in the desire to get on with the fight, to plunge into the struggle, to see it through to a victorious finish. America has matured overnight.

WHILE OUR SOLDIERS and sailors hold off the invader in the Pacific with incredible bravery, the nation also watches the other fronts, where men are dying and men are winning in a fight which the President told us was our battle, too. It is only if we see the "one-ness" of the war, and if we remember that we will not lose it in the Pacific provided that we win it in the Atlantic and in Europe—only in this way will we Americans understand and appreciate the President's advice. Consider Russia, for instance.

Too many people had been falling for Hitler's propaganda about Soviet Russia. Just as Hitler tried to befuddle the West with the hoax of the "anti-Communist crusade" when he attacked Russia in June, so now, as the Soviet *Pravda* puts it, Hitler is trying to drive "a diplomatic wedge" between ourselves and our Soviet ally. The *New York Times* in particular has placed itself in the contradictory position of emphasizing the unity of the war, while undermining confidence in the USSR with almost every editorial. And the *Times* persists in its embittered suspicion-mongering, even though newspapers like the *Herald Tribune* take a

more sensible, sober line, and public figures like Joseph E. Davies, Dorothy Thompson, and others are hailing our great ally on the continent of Europe.

Look at the matter simply. The Russians have been fighting Hitler with all their strength for six months. They have suffered enormous losses in men and materials. They have scorched their own earth, their people have suffered indescribable horrors. Singlehanded, without reproaching us or the British for the failure to relieve them by a second front, the Soviet people are now pushing Hitler back for the first time in his infamous history.

How can we ask them to do more? How can we ask them to do what we were unable or unwilling to do? Would it not be to our interest, as Americans, to have them gain second wind, to recuperate their losses? Would it not be in our best interests as Americans for them to keep after the main enemy now that they have him on the run—and especially at a moment when this enemy is obviously threatening both the British and American positions in the Near East, in the Mediterranean, and West Africa? If we agree that Japan's attack is intended to divert us from the Atlantic, then we would only be helping Hitler to attack us in the Atlantic if we encouraged the Soviet Union to dissipate its energies and turn to the Pacific at this time. Instead, we ought to encourage Russian pressure on Germany in Europe so that Hitler will not be able to open or to complete his expected attack in the Mediterranean region. As Maxim Litvinov pointed out in a lengthy statement to the American press, "It is Hitler who is the chief culprit in all the present wars, the inspirer and moving spirit of the whole gang, and the destruction of Hitler would mean the end of them all."

In view of all this, to continue its campaign against Soviet Russia would leave the *New York Times* open to the suspicion that its editors are more interested in separate interests—namely weakening Russia—than they are in the common interests of our country and all its allies. Let us remember that we achieved unity with Britain and Russia only after years of suffering and blunders: this unity is too precious to be bargained with.

ALL OF WHICH raises the larger questions of *initiative* in American foreign policy. What is needed today is a full-fledged alliance of the anti-Hitler nations. Such an alliance has become a military necessity, but it is also vital for ourselves and our allies. Should China, for example, be temporarily cut off from the west by Japanese successes at Singapore, Manila, and Burma, the existence of a full understanding among all the powers would be decisive for her morale; should Britain face heavy pressure in the Near East, the Mediterranean, as well as in Southeastern Asia, the existence of a common strategy might be worth another lend-lease act to America.

A similar initiative is necessary against Portugal, Spain and Vichy France—we can no longer afford to give Hitler time for a thrust across Gibraltar, or down the west coast of Africa. It is good to see that the *Normandie* and other French ships have been taken over by the navy, but it is well to remember that Hitler may be taking over the whole French fleet, with all that would mean against the British and ourselves in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. If we wait until Hitler takes over the Azores, the Cape Verde Islands, and Dakar, it will be harder by far to pry him out. But if we step in first, take over Martinique, French Guiana, the Azores, and the other islands along the west African coast, and take over Dakar as well—the impact within France, in South America, in Spain would be enormous. We would have stolen a march. We would have gained the initiative. And with the pressure of our Soviet ally on the continent, we would have brought Hitler's doom—and Japan's also, many months closer.

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Roll Call for Justice

THE roll call of Americans petitioning the freedom of Earl Browder grew impressively last week as the 150th anniversary of the Bill of Rights was observed. Thousands of leading citizens made their opinions known—that today, particularly, with the nation at war to defend its sovereignty and its democratic fabric, no case of injustice should remain on the record. Chief among these petitioners were the 1,000 trade union leaders who urged executive action for Browder's immediate release. Among them were Abram Flaxer, international president of the State, County and Municipal Workers of America, Arthur Osman, international vice president of the United Retail and Wholesale Employees of America, Reid Robinson, and Joseph Curran, national vice presidents of the CIO, Saul Mills, secretary of the Greater New York Industrial Union Council, and many others.

Labor was not alone: leading figures in other walks of life urged President Roosevelt to free the working class leader. Among them was Benjamin J. Davis, Sr., president of the Negro Associated Press and editor of the *National Baptist Union-Review*. The former National Republican Committeeman for Georgia headed a list of twenty outstanding Negro figures.

Next week the American people will celebrate a martial Christmas. The nation, practically to a man, is dedicated anew to the principles of justice. Would it not be a splendid token of the nation's essential democracy if Earl Browder were released by presidential action during the Christmas season?

Total Mobilization

THE total mobilization of the manpower and economic resources of the United States is essential for victory. That is why it is of prime importance that the bill introduced in Congress requiring the registration of all men from eighteen to sixty-four inclusive be passed without delay. Under this legislation those from nineteen to forty-four inclusive would be eligible for service in the land or naval forces, while the rest would be used for other defense duties. If this country is to pull its weight in the world struggle against fascist enslavement—and we cannot defend America without doing our share to

the full—we must greatly expand our armed forces for service in the Far East, in Europe, in Africa, and wherever the prosecution of this great people's war may require. And even though, as War Department officials point out, for the present and the near future it will not be necessary to induct men beyond the present age limits of twenty-one to thirty-five, if the war has taught any lesson it is that one must be prepared for all eventualities.

Among immediate economic measures required for victory passage of an effective price control bill and comprehensive tax legislation stand close to the top in importance. The price control bill voted by the House actually sanctions an inflationary increase of thirty percent in farm prices and is in other respects only a feeble caricature of real price control. The Senate Banking and Currency Committee should lose no time in amending the House measure along the lines requested by Leon Henderson, federal price administrator. His proposals would limit farm prices to parity (the relation between farm and industrial prices that existed in the 1909-14 period), and would provide for the licensing of all business, with power to revoke the license of a firm that sells above the fixed price ceilings. It is time to crack down on the congressional obstructionists of price control. Their activities, which have already cost the people of this country incalculable millions, are a threat not only to living standards and morale, but to the war program itself.

The Treasury and leaders of the House and Senate finance committees are also working on plans for a new tax bill. It is reported that this will be designed to raise four or five billion dollars. That looks to us like a very timid and inadequate bill, out of keeping with the scope and spirit of the tasks facing the country. There are in the excess profits of large corporations, in the huge reserves which many companies are salting away, in individual incomes over \$5,000 a year, in tax-exempt securities, and in other accumulations of wealth many more billions urgently needed to win the war.

An Anti-Axis Continent

THE cables from Latin America this past week afford the Axis foreign offices meager satisfaction. Nine of the nations south of the Rio Grande—Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Guatemala, the Negro republic Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Panama—have declared war upon Japan. Chile is cooperating with Washington by arming and patrolling the strategic Straits of Magellan. Soldiers also stand guard against sabotage at the important nitrate and copper plants of Chile.

All Americans—north and south—may rejoice over the action of the Central American nations, those clustered about the vital Panama Canal. Every one of them has declared war upon the common foe. Axis machinations there were an open secret: the ousting of the fascistic former Pres. Arnulfo Arias,

of Panama, came none too soon. There is much to rejoice about, too, in the return of that great democrat, former Pres. Lazaro Cardenas, to Mexico's public life. When he offered his services to his country in this critical hour, President Camacho appointed him head of all armed forces on the Pacific Coast. Mexico is loyally cooperating with the United States and has already broken off relations with the Hirohitler combination.

Significant, however, is the absence of Argentina from the anti-Axis lineup. There, President Castillo and Foreign Minister Ruiz Guinazu—notorious for their anti-democratic record—toy dangerously with the notion of "neutrality," despite the powerful anti-Hitler sentiment of the populace. It is highly significant, too, that Brazil, hitherto a question-mark, has declared its solidarity with the U. S. A., and furthermore, has agreed to allow our warships the use of its harbors and our aircraft the use of its airports. In addition registration has been denied the Italian and Nazi news agencies, DNB and Stefani. Perhaps one of the reasons for Brazil's heartening decision is the apprehension felt in Rio de Janeiro at reports that Hitler may snatch Dakar in the immediate future. Moreover, they fear that Axis submarines are already operating against American shipping from the African port. It would be well if our War Office could allay these apprehensions at the Pan-American conference in January by reporting that the marines have landed in Dakar and have the situation well in hand.

Banner and Pledge

ONE hundred and fifty years after the birth of the Bill of Rights the American people once more face times that try men's souls. On this occasion it is well to recall that it is for the preservation of these rights, for the preservation of the nation that created this great charter of liberty that we fight today against a mightier tyrant than George III. It is a tough battle, and the summer soldiers and sunshine patriots may soon wither with the frost. But the people grow strong in adversity and they shall fight on to victory.

Let us remember that it was the people who won the Bill of Rights, forced its incorporation in the Constitution against the will of mean-spirited men like Alexander Hamilton and John Adams who feared the people and sought to erect a new despotism. And time after time the American people have had to defend their Bill of Rights and give it living substance. Today modern means of communication and modern weapons of destruction make it necessary to wage that struggle with arms in hand and on a world scale. In the words of Tom Paine: "Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom, must, like men, undergo the fatigues of supporting it." Millions in all parts of the earth are today undertaking that task. For all of them the Bill of Rights is both a banner and a pledge.

HERO BEHIND BARS

Morris U. Schappes' "Letters from the Tombs" is alive with a passionate concern for truth. His imprisonment is a challenge to America. The scholar as fighter. Reviewed by Samuel Sillen.

LETTERS FROM THE TOMBS, by Morris U. Schappes. Introduction by Richard Wright. Schappes Defense Committee. 25c.

THE imprisonment of Morris U. Schappes seems to belong to an utterly alien period of American history. Absorbed as we are in a united national effort to crush the fascist marauders, we find it difficult and unpleasant to recall the time when the Rapp-Coudert committee and similar groups were permitted to play the fascist game. But remember we must. For there is a heap of harm to be undone. We must straighten out this salient on democracy's battlefield. And we must act at once, not merely to correct a shocking injustice to an individual, but in order to strengthen the ranks of America's front line fighters against the Axis.

The publication of Schappes' *Letters from the Tombs* is therefore a timely and rousing event. As Richard Wright points out in his introduction to this volume, the foundations of democracy are threatened by the unjust imprisonment of a man like Morris U. Schappes. The fight to save him is a necessary part of the fight to save America. No conscientious mind can rest until the courts grant him a full release.

The letters introduce us to a man of great stature. What a cruel irony it is that Schappes should be indicted as a perjurer! His writing is alive with a passionate concern for the truth. Like every great teacher, he is an even greater student, tirelessly searching, questioning. When he finds the answer he stays by it, unshaken by threats and taunts and personal inconvenience. His address to the court, reprinted in this volume, is a classic statement of truth-seeking and truth-defending that will long have a place in the literature of freedom.

The times demand heroism. The best that is in us must mature overnight. We must discover our individuality through our selfless devotion to the common cause. And in Morris U. Schappes' simple, unassuming eloquence we experience the profound human qualities which must inspire us to victory. Held up by the press as a horrible example to the nation's youth, this man reveals himself in his letters from prison as a warm, generous, heroic human being with a wide range of interests, a boundless sympathy, an extraordinary capacity to carry on under the most difficult circumstances. Nor is this surprising to anybody who has known him. As Prof. Morris Cohen, his teacher and colleague for ten years, told the court, Schappes' idealism and scholarship have earned him a splendid reputation as a teacher and friend.



It is not easy to convey the quality of these letters. What impresses one most of all perhaps is the absence of self-consciousness. These are not the writings of a man who thinks of himself primarily as a celebrated victim of prejudice. There is no self-pity here. Even the most serious letters are infused with a sense of humor. One soon realizes that Schappes doesn't need cheering up by his correspondents. Quite the reverse. It is rather he who with bantering and shrewd observations bolsters the spirits of his anxious friends on the outside. Many of these communications from Tier 6, Cell 12, are positively buoyant.

There are fine vignettes of his fellow prisoners: the taciturn Giovanni, formerly of Murder, Inc., who thinks there is "too damn much politics" in this country; Fred-



ILLUSTRATIONS by James Egleson for "Letters from the Tombs."

die, the self-made wise guy, who offers to work for the Communist Party at \$100 a week; Martin, the gaunt, anemic ex-cop who has been awaiting trial for ten months and who wants Schappes to expose prison conditions when he gets out; Manueto, the Ecuadorean marine fireman, for whom Schappes becomes Chief Letter Writer; Tommie, the third-term, who had been given a book on "dem Molly Maguires" by a Pennsylvania prison warden; Tony, who carved his sweetheart's face with a bread-knife; and enough others to fill more than one good-sized prison novel. Schappes makes you see them, understand them, even in these brief portraits. And the social student is particularly sensitive to the ill-treatment of the Negro prisoner, a victim of special discrimination even behind bars.

The scholar is not inactive here. The prison library, to be sure, has few books, and there are restrictions on receiving them from the outside. There is Halleck's *History of American Literature*, a moralistic high school text; but even this old work provides inspiration with such a line as Bryant's "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again." And O. Henry, the Bible, a 1922 edition of the Beards' high school history of the U. S. A. in which Schappes interests a fellow prisoner. At the suggestion of a professor friend who is a linguist, Schappes takes notes on the prison idiom, turning, in accord with prison "diabolics," every obstacle into an opportunity. And he emerges with "short hoist," "blow your top," "the rate hole," and other quaint locutions, with explanations and examples. From Charles, a former captain in the British Army of the Near East, he learns some Arab politics and Assyrian lore.

The letters to his wife are wonderfully tender and moving, lyrical and playful at turns. "Sweet Sonya-sweet," he begins one: "I used to inform my students in English 4 that Wordsworth became conscious of a tendency to use the word 'sweet' too often; and I'd point to passages in 'Tintern Abbey' or 'Expostulation and Reply' to show how, in revision, he had eliminated a few of the sweets. I edit more harshly than Wordsworth, or else these pages would be illegible with 'Sonya-sweet.'" One of her visits before lunch has "transmogrified the stew into my favorite culinary escapade, Wiener Schnitzel a la Holstein!" There is in these letters a deep understanding, a great sharing of experience. Schappes is angered by the beating of Herbert Newton by the police, which his wife has described to him; there is the sense of exhilaration at a Soviet victory over the Nazis;

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But I know that every NEW MASSES reader will buy and read this volume—you simply must—and I don't want to summarize too much of it. For you will want to enjoy at first hand its freshness of phrase, its emotional overtones, its insight into the mind of a really inspiring character. Some of these letters have appeared in NEW MASSES, but these gave only a small example of the wealth of the volume as a whole. It has an overpowering cumulative impact.

The Schappes case is far from closed. Tried from June 18 to June 28 in the Court of General Sessions, "the defendant was convicted by a jury whose prejudice against Communism and Communists was open and admitted," said the National Lawyers Guild brief. And, the brief added, "The prejudice against the defendant extended to the Court itself, whose rulings and demeanor were unmistakably hostile." Schappes was declared guilty by this court and sentenced to state prison for one and one-half to two years. After thirty-four days in prison, he was released on a "certificate of reasonable doubt" as to whether his conviction was legal. Bail was fixed at \$10,000. The case is being appealed before the Appellate Division. A Schappes Defense Committee has been formed composed of people who are agreed "that fair play cannot be bounded by political persuasion and that justice must remain basic to the American pattern of life." The committee is sponsored by leading trade unionists, civic leaders, educators, artists, writers and composers. The Friends of Morris U. Schappes has been formed to raise the \$10,000 needed for the appeal. That is a lot of money, but if every reader of NEW MASSES sent a dollar bill to the Schappes Defense Committee (114 E. 16th St., New York, N. Y.) more than enough could be raised to insure an appeal.

While in the Tombs, Schappes recalled the words of one of his favorite writers, "When the masses seize hold of an idea great things happen swiftly." Let great things happen swiftly in the Schappes Case. Read the *Letters from the Tombs*. Support the appeal fund. That great and proved anti-fascist figures like Morris U. Schappes or Earl Browder should be unjustly withdrawn from the nation's great battle for existence and freedom is intolerable. Let us help straighten out this salient of democracy.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

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AUTOS INTO TANKS

A Report from Detroit, by A. B. Magil

NEW MASSES

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Don't Miss It!

The Great Gatsby. Unfortunately the less personal and the meatiest part of this yarn, *The Last Tycoon*, where Fitzgerald planned to show the producers fighting unionization with a company union, was never written. How good or bad it would have been is almost impossible to judge: Monroe Stahr, the Jewish tycoon, is shown in luminous sympathy; a Communist organizer is summoned to meet him and belts him one when Stahr stages what might be called a "trash" scene, and it's presumed the Communist knows fairly well what he's about. Brady, a sub-tycoon, is a plain rat and plans to bump Stahr off and there is a likelihood that the end of the book would have been drowned in that same mechanical violence that ruins James M. Cain and flawed *The Great Gatsby*.

But even for what we have, some rockets can be set off, for here is good writing, reality, and warmth, and the kind of concealed courage Fitzgerald always had at his best. Not concealed but left handed is perhaps the word. And it must be said for Fitzgerald's Communist that he is a Communist organizer and not a joiner for temporary reasons who will make up his mind about Communism and the Stork Club later. The real danger is in implying that Communists run everything.

The thirty-five or forty thousand words of *The Last Tycoon* that got finished are in remarkably good shape and make a rather good unit in themselves: the larger outlines can be understood and allowed for and what there is characterizes Stahr and gives the first phase of his love affair. This affair is honest and adult. In his notes, printed in considerable detail at the end of the novel (and by no means the least interesting feature of the book), Fitzgerald says: "Where will the warmth come from in this? Why does he think she's warm? Warmer than the voice in *Farewell to Arms*. My girls were all so warm and full of promise. What can I do to make it honest and different?" Fitzgerald was a craftsman and knew what he was doing in this, as in many other matters.

One of the book's interesting sidelights is the decline of the director, the growing importance of the script writer, and the reluctant sense of the necessity of collective work in Hollywood. And the pricks of artistic and social conscience, it's interesting to note, get most explicit when Stahr encounters a Negro out picking up pails of fish in the Pacific surf and is told—in plain, easy, and non-dialect English—that the movies still stink. This appears distinctly to embarrass Stahr and he makes several immediate and momentous decisions about jacking up the quality of his picture schedule.

The Last Tycoon, edited somewhat glowingly by Edmund Wilson, also contains *The Great Gatsby* and a number of Fitzgerald's longer stories, including that symbolic drama of the decline of the rich, *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz*. Also one of his straightest stories, *Absolution*.

MILLEN BRAND.

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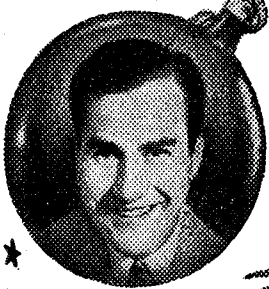
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Forerunner of Fascism

IRVING BABBITT: MAN AND TEACHER, edited by Frederick Manchester and Odell Shepard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

THE spirit and personality of the late dean of the "new humanism" are portrayed through a series of independent memoirs by friends, associates, and former students of Professor Babbitt. Among the contributors to this discursive and none too enlightening work, one encounters the names of writers like T. S. Eliot, Stuart P. Sherman, Paul Elmer More, Norman Foerster, and Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

A clear-cut picture of the vigorous erudition and stimulating pedagogy of the late professor of French at Harvard does emerge from this rambling collection. That Babbitt was undoubtedly an excellent lecturer and an impressive intellectual influence on his leisure class students in Comparative Literature cannot be denied; he has left behind little else of value to our generation.

Forty-three years by means of books, lectures, and conversations, he propagandized for the "new humanism," an anti-materialist philosophy which based itself on a belief in the duality of man and nature and relied on a mystic "inner check" within man to contend against and overwhelm the degrading powers of nature. Humanism had its brief vogue for some twenty years in college literary and academic circles, especially with those elements whose unearned incomes permitted the luxury of forgetting the material. Its little bubble burst in 1929 when those incomes collapsed, and the devotees of the individual ego and the "inner check" were enmeshed by the pulsating currents of crises, strikes, and hunger marches.

Culturally, humanism, by virtue of its preoccupation with traditionalism and a sterile obeisance to classicism, manifested active hostility to the new naturalistic and realistic literature emerging in America—the work of the Dreisers and Lewises and Andersons. It sneered at the "humanitarians," those who tried to improve the individual by first reforming society, and counterbalanced with an appeal for concentration on the development of the individual soul. In practice, humanism became anti-democratic, anti-social, authoritarian in politics as in culture, and most clearly expressed itself politically in Seward Collins' *American Review* as the intellectual ideologist of fascism. And this was historically logical and inevitable, for the attempt to wage an intellectual counter-revolution against the industrial revolution, modern scientific thought, and the social patterns of vital democracy in the period of declining capitalism can only culminate in the acceptance of that new medievalism—fascism. That Babbitt was not completely conscious of the logical trend of his path in no way nullifies the argument; it only serves to remind us of his political ineptness.

It is well to recall now that this high priest of cultural reaction, who could express his

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disapproval of the evil naturalistic forces in the world in such lofty and sententious phrases, was at the same time an active "player on the stock exchange." Bourgeois humanism would grant any man the right to grasp the stars, but it could, apparently, also appreciate the psychic stimulus of a magic carpet woven with bank notes and bonds.

S. N. STONE.

Brief Reviews

WAR WINGS, by David C. Cooke. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.75.

This is the latest of the many excellent photo-text descriptions of British and American fighting planes. Mr. Cooke has classified them so that the layman can readily understand the various types of warplanes and their uses: trainers, pursuits (more properly termed interceptors), light, medium, and heavy bombers, flying boats and seaplanes. There are many excellent illustrations of planes in flight, as well as on the ground, and textual material that—within the limitations imposed by war-time secrecy—gives performance figures with a relative degree of accuracy.

L. BAXTER, MEDICUS, by Knud Stouman. Greystone Press. \$2.75.

This might have been a dramatic and effective study of colonial New York with its tumults and uprisings; it might have been a study of that most dramatic of subjects, the development of medicine from magic to science. At times it verges on both; the seventeenth century medical details display considerable research and considerable skill in writing. Unfortunately, the author seems to have felt compelled to keep the book romantic; his facts are completely overlaid with a quite inconsequential love story which reduces the book to mere pleasant light fiction.

BIOGRAPHY OF EARTH, by George Gamow. Viking Press. \$3.

Professor Gamow has written a new book about the planet we live on. He records and explains facts, fancies, theories, and predictions about the earth and its satellite, the moon. The origin of the earth and its nine brother planets is related in simple terms, and Dr. Gamow has supplied the book with sketches and diagrams that are easy to follow. The reader is taken on a trip to the center of the earth, to the birth and death of mountain ranges, and watches the development of earthquakes. The science is not oversimplified or vulgarized. Dr. Gamow's book is to be recommended, especially as an antidote for those who were frightened by the complexities of what is called "physiography" in our secondary schools.

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CLINIC IN JAZZ ANATOMY

The doctors use a rusty scalpel and get nowhere. Anesthesia by courtesy of the Brothers Warner. What the experts forgot or never knew. Elliott Grennard brings on the X-ray machine.

RECENTLY, in New York City, Warner Bros. (appearing behind the scenes on behalf of its movie *Blues in the Night*) arranged a forum at which symphonic and operatic experts were to meet, discuss, and "find the proper place of the blues in the general scheme of American music." Eddy Brown, president of the Chamber Music Society of America, in whose name the forum was called, Willfred Pelletier, Albert Stoessel, Sigmund Spaeth, Horace Johnson, Philip James, Leonard Liebbling, Clarence Adler—experts all—met, pondered, and (alas for the Warner Bros.) failed to find the proper niche.

For one thing, the experts (save one) frankly admitted they didn't know the first thing about jazz, let alone the blues, which is a special, if integral, part of jazz. They all liked jazz immensely; they agreed it had vitality, that it had won universal recognition, intrigued and challenged many serious composers, and might some day find its way to the concert stage. But . . . But the general feeling was that jazz appeals exclusively to the emotions and is unworthy of intellectual consideration. As one individual put it, "Jazz should be heard and not talked about." (This from a man whose profession is talking about music at a university!)

THE ONE "EXPERT" for whom jazz held no mysteries was Sigmund Spaeth. "Jazz," he said, "is the distortion of conventional music. The distortion of the clarinet tone into a squeal, the distortion of the trumpet tone into a blast. . . ." Besides, Dr. Spaeth pointed out, jazz is a hodge-podge of the music of all nationalities and isn't American.

Leonard Liebbling, editor of the *Musical Courier*, was less certain. Jazz probably isn't American, he thought, because it appeals to people the world over; due, no doubt, to its primitive quality. To illustrate the point he quoted "Papa" Brahms as saying, on hearing the ragtime piece "The Georgia Camp Meeting," that if he (Brahms) weren't so old he would try to write in the idiom. It had tremendous vitality and a folk quality that was in his own "Hungarian Dances." Perhaps, Mr. Liebbling concluded, jazz was especially American after all—how else could one explain the failure of foreign composers in their attempts to use the idiom? He was much more positive in his estimate of jazz orchestras. In his opinion, they have shown greater imagination and resourcefulness than any serious composer since Stravinsky, and their orchestral colors and effects will undoubtedly find their way to the concert hall.

Clarence Adler, the eminent piano teacher, admitted he knew little about jazz, and said least on the subject. What he did say was cogent. He warned his colleagues against intellectual snobbery, that any form of art which brings happiness to millions of people must be taken seriously. Agreeing with Mr. Liebbling that jazz will surely emerge as concert music, he advanced the name of Aaron Copland as one serious composer who has employed the jazz idiom with great success.

These experts had many questions: Is jazz a language in itself or merely a dialect? Has it basic laws and principles? They had heard it played these many years and they still didn't understand it. Isn't it possible to have those musical sounds translated into definitions in terms so that they might understand it?

THE ANSWERS should have been elicited from the jazz musicians and critics that filled the room. They would surely have explained (1) that as far back as 1927 (Aaron Copland's *Jazz Structure and Influence*) and as recently as last year (Winthrop Sargeant's *Jazz, Hot and Hybrid*) articles and books have appeared with the dissection of the anatomy of jazz. (2) That Johannes Brahms' observation wasn't startling because in its most elemental form, jazz is folk music—and in particular, American folk music through its assimilation of the American Negro's musical expression. (3) That the "distortion" of conventional music is merely the change brought about through the addition and inclusion of Afro-American rhythms and quarter-tones, personalized vibratos, intonations, and dynamics introduced by the American Negro musicians. (4) That jazz has found its way to the concert hall, not only through the efforts of those already mentioned and George Gershwin as well, but in a purer form, in the music of Duke Ellington ("Reminiscing in Tempo") performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. And (5), what started out as a dialect is rapidly becoming the language of musical America.

However, the chairman did not call upon the historians and performers of jazz for the answers. He called instead on a Mr. Al Roth whose qualifications for being included in the panel of experts appear to lie in the fact that he is a bad conductor and a bad arranger (I'm quoting Mr. Roth), and would therefore make a lot of money on the radio. In Mr. Roth's brutal-but-frank opinion, the other gentlemen on the dais would never understand jazz—not if they lived 100 years. Why? Because they couldn't feel jazz. Jazz

isn't something you can explain or analyze he insisted, you've got to feel it. "There!" exploded Mr. Roth, pointing a quivering finger at the band of Negro musicians, present to illustrate the blues, "There is jazz!"

Mr. Roth's remarks not only negated the purpose of the discussion but threw the assembled experts into an uproar. Surely now the spokesmen for jazz would be called on to point out that jazz was not a phenomenon that challenges description and defies understanding. But no. This was the moment the *Charge D'Affaires*, Leonard Feather, chose to bring the discussion to a close with the reminder that faith must be kept with the Warner Bros. who had furnished the hall and the scotch (or words to that effect) and it was time we all listened to the blues.

Joe Thomas and his band played the blues for half an hour, then Joshua White sang and thrilled long-hairs and hep-cats alike with numbers from his "Southern Exposure" album. Ruby Smith sang a couple of blues numbers her aunt, the legendary Bessie Smith, had made famous. Alec Templeton, the blind piano-satirist, demonstrated the blues played in the manner of Bach. Benny Goodman put in an appearance and sat in with the Joe Thomas band for a couple of tunes. When Teddy Wilson arrived, he and Goodman revived some of the numbers associated with them from the Goodman Trio days. Some of the musical portion of the program was repeated for a broadcast by WOR's Special Events Department and the meeting was over—with the blues left begging for its "proper place in the general scheme of American music."

AN OCCURRENCE not on the program should be mentioned.

When Joshua White and his wife drove up to the Waldorf Astoria where the forum took place, the doorman rushed to open the door of the taxi, but turned his back on it when he saw the passengers were Negroes. When Mr. and Mrs. White approached him and asked in which room the *Blues in the Night* reception was being held—showing White's letter of invitation—they were directed to "use the door around the corner." The door around the corner turned out to be the delivery entrance. After passing through the kitchen and pantries, Mr. and Mrs. White were taken upstairs via the freight elevator. Joshua White promises to memorialize the Waldorf Astoria in a song he is going to call "Freight Elevator Blues."

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New Movies

A professor's wife meets a publisher. . . .

"The Men in Her Life."

If *The Feminine Touch* were not very funny it would be rather offensive. Dedicated to the proposition that all women are cavewomen longing for a caveman, it proclaims from bedroom to bedroom that there's no such thing as civilized marriage, and who wants to be civilized anyway; it's not half as much fun as throwing coconuts. But nonsense of this sort, written with the fine irrelevance of Ogden Nash, can have an authentic Alice-in-Wonderland flavor, while Miss Rosalind Russell as a combination of cavewoman and dumb bunny is enough to carry any story. This reviewer, indeed, inclines to the belief that no picture is bad if Miss Russell's in it.

As the wife of a psychology professor, she has her troubles. The man refuses to be jealous, refuses to lose his temper, refuses to sock anybody for making passes at his wife. When she gets jealous, he analyzes her. When she gets nervous, he analyzes her. When she gets socks people, he analyzes her; and the worst of it is, he's always right. Infuriatingly bland, he reads her a chapter from his book on "What the Well Civilized Wife Will Put Up With." It takes a chain of harrowing experiences at the hands of a New York publisher to humanize him. Then he begins to take pokes at people. He does it very badly, but his wife is happy; she cherishes each black eye he gets.

There is a good deal of gay satire in all this. The college football hero who would look like Gargantua if he were brighter; the intellectual publisher who makes passes at all the girls and blames it on his neuroses; the literary critics and others who decorate the background are all fun to know, if you've got your Flit gun. But, although literary critics and publishers talk a good deal in real life, in *The Feminine Touch* they surpass themselves. Never has such a welter of bright conversation overloaded a farce. When Don Ameche, as the articulate psychology professor, gets dragged after a runaway motorboat by his necktie, you hope he loses his voice—but in vain.

There are too many polysyllables, and there is too little action. Nevertheless, *The Feminine Touch* manages to move with the crackling speed which is the trademark of its director, W. S. Van Dyke. He has succeeded also in creating actors where there never were any before; Don Ameche is surprisingly deft as the professor, and that hardy perennial, Kay Francis, turns in an astonishing piece of work as the tough, slangy, but intellectual secretary of the publisher. She is a better woman with a snarl than she ever was with a simper. Van Heflin, with a goatee and a neurosis, is the quintessence of many publishers. And there is always Rosalind Russell. She cries like a spoiled brat; she has no dignity; she yawns loudly in your face; she ought to be spanked. There's nobody like her. She's beautiful, too.

WE ALL KNOW the opera singer whose love

life conflicted with her career, so that the poor girl had to renounce and renounce, first her men, then her golden-haired little baby, until the last tear was squeezed out of the audience and our heroine was free to retire from the opera and take up knitting. The movie producers, in their passionate pursuit of originality, have now made her into a ballet dancer. In *The Men in Her Life* you may see Loretta Young as a ballerina, through the kindly assistance of long shots of an anonymous woman pirouetting and closeups of the tips of Loretta's fingers quivering like a dying swan.

Loretta manages, however, to have her men and eat them too. The first, a great dancer growing old, teaches her all he knows, marries her, creates great ballets for her, then dies neatly and obligingly. The second, a millionaire, marries her, obligingly provides her with the golden-haired baby, and retires into the background. Then the third, her true love, (the others were just business) crawls back to her feet and is about to be gobbled when he accidentally breaks his neck. Slowly, but far from surprisingly, La Varsavina moves up on the escaped millionaire, recaptures him and her baby, and at the film's long-delayed end is happily putting that unfortunate child through a series of grueling ballet exercises.

Although beautifully costumed and photographed, the film is as dull as its own ballets. The presence of Conrad Veidt, Eugenie Leonovich, and Dean Jagger gives it a certain distinction. As the aging dancer Veidt informs his role with a passionate intensity; it is possible to believe in the threadbare stuff while he is there, and while Leonovich is standing in the background. There was once a great film called *Ballerina*; it came from pre-Vichy France, it used real ballet dancers for its performers, and it centered about a homely little girl with a devouring passion for dancing and a neurotic resentment of a star dancer. In comparison with that authentic treatment of the ballet, *The Men in Her Life* has all the spontaneity and honesty of a Japanese envoy.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

"Angel Street"

Patrick Hamilton's new play. . . . A flying crash.

THE critical boys on the daily papers have been so depressed by the current theatrical scene (*Sons o' Fun* excepted) that they whooped it up unceremoniously over Patrick Hamilton's new psychological thriller, *Angel Street*.

It would be incorrect to say that *Angel Street* (formerly known as *Gas-Light*) is a poor thriller; it's a good one. But it would be just as incorrect to say it put *Ladies in Retirement* in the shade. On the contrary, it cannot hold a gas-mantle to that chilling examination of demented mentality, economic oppression, plus crime.

There was a devil on *Angel Street*, and his

name was Mr. Manningham. As the curtain rises, you discover him in the amiable business of driving his poor wife insane—deliberately, consciously, maliciously. I was rather prone to sympathize with him through the first act; his wife was awful, anyhow, and there was a housemaid named Nancy swinging ample hips around the place. However, your sympathy (as mine) would have changed later on. For this Mr. Manningham was a pretty dreadful person.

Acts one and three of this Victorian drama are really quite good. The suspense is rooted in character, not the claptrap of the average murder mystery; there are ingenious twists that seem to grow out of the material itself; there is intelligent dialogue. There was one really exciting moment. And there was some excellent acting; a fine set (by Lemuel Ayers) that was extremely atmospheric.

For a better-than-average evening in the theater (on the light side) watch Miss Judith Evelyn apparently going stark raving mad. (She will be a rival of Ida Lupino and Bette Davis from now on). Or watch Mr. Leo G. Carroll. Or Mr. Vincent Price as the devil who tormented his angelic (and slightly sappy) wife. He's a smooth 'un; or, as the amorous housemaid said, "A rum toff."

WHAT airmen call "poor flying characteristics" were responsible for the crash of *Golden Wings*, an RAF play. This new drama by William Jay and Guy Bolton was, objectively, a gross libel upon the brave young men who daily risk their lives in the skies of Europe.

To judge by the play, there isn't a pilot officer, nor even a Wing Commander in the Royal Air Force who knows what it's all about, or cares terribly much. The authors of this piece have absorbed a great many motion pictures about the first world war, and reflected the sense of desperation and hopelessness the birdmen and common footsoldiers of that conflict experienced. These pilots spend a good deal of their time getting plastered, when they are not shooting down Nazis. They shoot the Nazis down, not out of too strong a conviction that it is the right thing to do, so much as that "it is being done." Their real bellicosity, according to the play, is reserved for each other; their real fighting spirit is manifested when, like a wolf pack, they are in full cry after the nearest woman.

Well, don't worry too much about it. You can be sure the RAF knows what it is doing in spite of the Messrs. Jay and Bolton. All reports agree that there's none of that We-who-are-about-to-die-salute-you stuff, none of that Let's-go-to-bed-baby-tomorrow-we'll-be-dead. For the thing about this play that is most impressive is the fact that it reflects *no* reality, reflects nothing that takes place outside the heads of its authors. It is *so* bad, dramatically, stylistically, humanly, that it bears no relation to humanity at all.

A host of earnest people were employed—last week. Notable among them was Lloyd Gough, an excellent actor who deserves a better job, and one that will last

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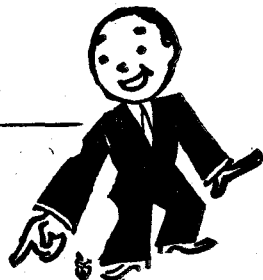
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19—NEW MASSES—Interpretation Please
No. 5, Webster Hall, "America at War."

20—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group—
lectures by Faculty members of Met. Col-
leges, Rogers Restaurant, 8th Ave. & 50th
St., 12:30.

21—Spanish Anti-Fascists' Unity Committee
—Entertainment and Rally—Medical Aid to
USSR and Spanish Refugees (Mecca Temple,
7 P.M.).

21—Concert by Bruno Walter and mem-
bers of Philharmonic Orchestra, Benefit Brit-
ish-American Ambulance Corps, Carnegie
Hall, 8:30 P.M.

24—(Christmas Eve) Veterans of the Lin-
coln Brigade Ball, Manhattan Center.

25—(Christmas Night). Young Theater Play-
ers—opening, "Emperor's New Clothes,"
Heckscher Theatre.

31—(New Year's Eve) Howitzer Hop—
Royal Windsor.

31—(New Year's Eve) California Lincoln
Vets Rehabilitation Comm., Victory Ball—
Belmont Studios, 122 1/2 South Vermont, San
Francisco.

JANUARY

3—Council for Negro Culture, Salute
to Negro Troops, Golden Gate Ballroom
(217 W. 125th St.).

5—N. Y. State Committee Communist
Party—Lenin Memorial. Madison Square Gar-
den.

11—Progressive Committee, A. L. P. Piano
recital and concert, Ray Lev, Brooklyn
Academy of Music.

31—I. W. O. Trade branches, Star Concert,
Town Hall.

31—Fur Workers—Annual Mid-winter Ball
—Royal Palms Hotel, Los Angeles.

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